

At the Theatres.



A calm has settled down upon theatricals, as to be expected at this season of the year. Several houses have closed their doors since our last issue, and the amusement field is now left clear to those theatres that remain open continuously. For eight weeks to come there will be few novelties presented, and those belong to the category denominated as "snap." The establishments which make a bid for summer patronage by the utilization of cooling and ventilating apparatus are doing a thriving business, their managers making financial hay while the sun shines. There is room for a dozen theatres here in the hot months if they are properly adapted to the purpose, and we yet look to see at some future time all the managers coining money in June, July and August, instead of paying rent for unoccupied buildings.

May Stevens, at the Madison Square, is in its third month, and the prosperity of the sun is steady. This production is in all respects the most triumphant that this house has known and it is likely to last until the Fall. When the next regular season begins The Lady of Lyons will be put up for a short period, in order to give R. B. Mantell a metropolitan sendoff. The Parolice of the occasion will, it is said, be Fanny Reeves. The report comes from abroad that the recent London success, *Called Back*, will follow, having been secured by Daniel Frohman with that object in view. The description of this piece, given by our London representative, would indicate that it is vastly different from the mild type of dramatic craft hitherto favored by the management of this house. It is possible, therefore, that the policy is about to undergo a change, and drama of a more sensational character are likely to be submitted for the approval of Madison Square audiences.

Changes are still being made in Captain Minkler, the star and author both combining to improve it in every possible direction. The piece is now genuinely comic, and it enables Mr. Williams to display his talents to the largest advantage. Business has been very good so far, and there is no immediate prospect of withdrawal.

Dan Sully's Corner Grocery has made a hit at Tony Pastor's. The audiences nightly test the capacity of the house and the performance goes with one continual roar of laughter. The company includes a number of clever people, and they have abundant opportunity for displaying their comic gifts.

John Thompson, at the Eighth Street Theatre, is appearing in a piece that enables him to exhibit his gifts as a protean actor. This house has had many vicissitudes of late, but under Mr. Thompson's direction it appears to have achieved popularity at last.

The Musical Mirror.

The success of Falta cannot be disputed. Every night the Casino is liberally patronized and the pretty music and skillful acting of the company is heartily enjoyed. There is no change of bill contemplated, although, besides The Little Duke, a number of operatic novelties, captured by Colonel McCaul while abroad, are held in readiness. The concert at this establishment on Sunday night was numerously attended and a fine instrumental programme was rendered by the regular orchestra, reinforced by the band of the Tenth Regiment, in capital style.

Penny-Ante has been bravely sticking it out at the Fourteenth Street. On Monday night a new libretto was used, with a view to improving the weakest feature of the burlesque. It was received with more favor than its predecessor. The piece will probably be taken off on Saturday night, but should business miraculously increase it might be kept on another week.

The Naiad Queen was received by George Wood at the Cosmopolitan on Saturday night. This elaborate spectacle has nothing in it to attract an audience of the present day, and the manager in which it was staged and acted reflected all the credit on its projector and those interested in the representation. The spectators gorged the tawdry scenery, the shabby costumes and the performers. Altogether, the review was a "fake" of the baldest description. Mr. Wood belongs to the by-gone class of managers. He seems to think that the same sort of veiled fare that pleased his patrons

when he presided over the affairs of the old Museum will be swallowed now. A few more experiences like the last venture will perhaps convince him of the fallacy of this notion. Nettie Abbott, who appeared as Lutine, is a pretty woman. The part did not enable her to show any dramatic power, so our estimate of her abilities must be reserved until a more interesting occasion for comment. J. F. Peters wrestled with a inglorious comedy part unsuccessfully. The rest of the cast call for no individual mention, as they were all unspeakably bad. A "sape" who came on and indulged in some extravagant antics, evidently introduced without the knowledge or sanction of the stage-manager, was rapturously applauded, but his triumph was short-lived, as a dozen hands pulled him into the wings and a dozen boots kicked him into countless space. It is unlikely that the Naiad Queen will practice her arts at the Cosmopolitan for any great length of time.

The Queen's Lace Handkerchief was sung at the People's Monday night before an assemblage that comfortably filled the house. The company, we understand, is under the management of C. M. Pyke. It includes a number of capable artists. Fanny Redding was eminently successful as the King, and the Queen was nicely acted and sung by Louise Mandrill. Rose Beaudet looked very pretty as Donna Irene, but her vocal powers are limited—even for the modest requirements of this role. Cervantes was amusingly acted by Mr. Pyke, and Herr Adolphi caused a good deal of laughter by his humorous performance of the tutor. The rest of the cast was satisfactory. A large chorus did efficient service and the orchestra, under the direction of Hans Kreisig, showed the fruits of good discipline and excellent conductorship.

The Actors' Fund.

A quorum of Trustees were on hand at the Actors' Fund meeting last Thursday. The session lasted from half past one o'clock until five. President Miner's ardor affected his colleagues. Among others present were Messrs. Mallory, Poole, Colville, Birch and Sinn, and four reporters. The minutes of the annual meeting were passed upon favorably. The first business before the meeting was the election of an Assistant Secretary. After several eulogistic speeches over Mr. Ben Baker's performance of the duties, that gentleman was unanimously re-elected. The following Executive Committee was elected: John F. Poole, William Henderson, Samuel Colville, Marshall Mallory and Edward Harrigan.

The Assistant Secretary stated that he had written nearly fifty letters notifying the gentlemen who were appointed to offices at the annual meeting, and had also conveyed officially the votes of thanks accorded to the benefactors of the Fund, and to the doctors who had rendered assistance during the year.

Louis Aldrich's proposition, which has been so generally discussed, was next brought before the meeting. Mr. Aldrich did not appear, as expected, to debate the scheme. However, it was adopted, and Mr. Baker was instructed to have the slips printed and forwarded to the various managers, with an explanatory letter.

A letter was read from George L. Stout, proposing that an annual magazine should be established for the benefit of the Fund, written and illustrated solely by actors, upon the plan of that published by the Royal Dramatic Fund in London. After discussion this was considered impracticable, and the letter was laid on the table.

W. O. McDowell, of 120 Liberty street, communicated to the Board his desire to assist the Fund. He generously tendered an excursion boat for any day during the month of June, with the use of a ball-room at Coney Island. This was declined with thanks.

The managers of the McLean Asylum, near Boston, have informed the Board that there is no hope of Orrin Richards, the scenic artist, regaining his reason. The communication was referred to the Executive Committee.

Colonel Sinn proposed that in future the annual benefits take place in November or December, and that more preparation be made to make them a success.

Samuel Colville thought that the formation of local committees in the different cities would tend to excite more interest in the Fund.

Harry Miner then read an address which he had written as President of the Fund and which he proposed to send to the profession throughout the country. It is in the nature of an appeal. Some discussion took place on the matter, as many considered it should emanate from the Trustees as a body. Mr. Miner stated, however, that they might send the address if deemed proper, but that his appeal would be issued in any event.

Other business having been disposed of, it was stated by the Secretary that at present there are being cared for at the Fund's expense two persons in the New York Hospital, one in the Home for Incurables, one in the Buffalo Hospital, one in the Charity Hospital, one in the McLean Asylum, one in St. Mary's Hospital and one in St. Vincent's Hospital.

The Trustees then adjourned until August 25. All the business in the interim will be attended to by the Executive Committee.

Speaking of the prospects of the Fund to a Miss—name last evening, Harry Miner said: "I will work might and main to get up a Grand-Fancy Fair at Madison Square in the

Ball, securing prominent actresses to attend at the booths. I think it is a great scheme, and I am now considering how I may secure Ellen Terry as one of the attendants."

Another English Opera Troupe.

A *Musson* reporter has been informed that the organization known in England as the Royal English Opera company will come to America next season. Among the artists who will comprise the Royal company are Blanche Cole, Julia Gaylord, Philine Siele, Kate Cooke, Olive Summers, Lucy Franklin, Frederick C. Packard, Albert McQuinn, George Fox, James Parage, Edward Griffin, Arthur Kennett, F. Kimball, E. Miller, and other artists well known on the other side. The headquarters of the company is at Covent Garden Theatre, and J. S. Tanner is manager. They carry their own ballet, chorus, orchestra and scenery. The repertoire includes Faust, Marriage of Figaro, Columbia, Bohemian Girl, Martha, Mariana, and all of the popular operas.

Many of the artists have been with Carl Rosa for several seasons. Some of them are Americans. Arrangements are now pending for the appearance of the company in all the leading cities. The intention of the management is to bring from the other side all the people required.

Fort Wayne's New Theatre.

Manager John A. Scott, of Fort Wayne, Ind., is in the city, accompanied by Mr. J. H. Simonson, under whose superintendence the new Masonic Temple in that city was built. The building of the Temple was begun about four years ago, but work stopped for lack of funds after the first story was reached. Recently sufficient funds were raised, chiefly through the efforts of Mr. Simonson, to complete the work that had languished so long. An engraving of the building shows a very handsome structure of four and a half stories. The Masonic bodies of Fort Wayne are the owners. It has a frontage of 70 feet and a depth of 120. The ground floor will be entirely occupied by the theatre. All above will be devoted to the uses of the Masonic Order. There will be no stores, the whole building comprising a theatre and numerous lodgerooms. The building will be known simply as the Masonic Temple, neither theatre nor opera house being used. Mr. Scott will manage the house for the Order, and is now in New York to secure an attraction for the opening, which takes place early in September.

Since the era of theatre building and travelling combinations set in, Fort Wayne has been badly off for theatrical accommodations, being far behind the greater number of cities of half its size. An old hall had been fixed up and pretentiously dubbed the "Academy of Music," and for years this has been Fort Wayne's only theatre. Its stage was small, and in other respects it was unsuited for theatrical purposes. The "Academy" will be converted to other uses after Sept. 1. The handsome new Temple will, to use a hackneyed expression, fill a "long-felt want." Managers of combinations need no longer think of Fort Wayne with a shudder.

Mr. Cuthbert's Summer Snap.

Townsend Percy's partner, Henry Cuthbert, has a story to tell of the collapse of his Summer opera season at the Grand Opera House, Brooklyn. "We did not rent from Knowles and Morris," said he; "we played on shares. For two weeks and three days our share amounted to \$1,407. Knowles and Morris' was a little less. We disbursed \$900 for salaries, \$260 for printing and about \$20 for costumes, etc. This absorbed our share, and consequently we were unable to pay salaries or keep the opera going."

This explanation is very satisfactory, no doubt, to Mr. Cuthbert. But his was a trust-to-luck scheme—a snap of the snappiest, without even a modicum of capital. The deluded company are not so badly off, after all. If their manager had taken them to some faraway spot, many of them would have been in a bad way. As it is, the collapse found them near home. Besides, Knowles and Morris have come to their aid, and the season has been resumed. These gentlemen advanced some of the back salaries, thus relieving immediate necessities. Some of the high-priced people in the company have been dispensed with.

A Long and Brilliant Season.

"My contract with Mlle. Rhea expires on the 31 of January," said Manager A. H. Chase to THE MIRROR's Denver representative. "Our present season closes in Detroit July 1 with a benefit to the company—an annual occurrence. We will then have been on the road over ten months."

"Mademoiselle will then visit *la belle France*, I suppose."

"On July 5 she will take passage by the *l'Inde*, and will remain abroad until the end of August. The season has been long and fatiguing and she needs rest. From Brooklyn, N. Y., to Los Angeles, Cal., from Winnipeg, Manitoba, to the delta of the Mississippi—we have travelled nearly 25,000 miles and played in nearly all the prominent cities and towns of America. We had but one losing week—Cincinnati in the extreme cold weather. We had a gala week at Los Angeles, Cal., last month. The receipts for five nights and a

matinee—the first night was lost through a landslide on the railroad—reached \$3,000. This included a premium auction sale of \$3,300. On the opening (Tuesday) night, after speeches by the Mayor, architect, etc., a magnificent solid gold orange leaf with raised orange blossoms in silver and engraved 'Welcome' on one side and on the other a raised green emerald laurel wreath with the word 'Rhea' in diamonds, was presented to the star. On the last night a wreath of orange blossoms and leaves hammered out of solid silver, with a gold orange leaf in front set in diamonds, was presented to Mlle. Rhea as a farewell souvenir from leading residents."

"And your next season?"

"Will open early in September, probably in Cleveland. The repertoire will be confined to *Yvonne*, the new play, and *A Terrible Woman*. *Yvonne* is a powerful five-act drama and calls for a large and strong cast. It will be placed on the stage with every facility for success—special scenery, elegant costumes, etc.—and if it proves a drawing card it will be played, to the exclusion of the *Terrible Woman*, until the close of our contract."

The Gay Capital.

PARIS, June 2.

Farewell! a long farewell to all the cherished traditions which have clustered like the clambering ivy around that nursery of the drama which is alike the pride and the boast of every Parisian. The *Theatre Francais* has made a new departure, and, in producing the long-expected *Député de Bombignac*, has drifted into that field which is usually accorded to the *Palais-Royal*. The piece is by M. Bisson, an author who achieved a reputation, in company with M. Gondinet, by their *Voyage d'Agreement* at the *Vaudeville*. This is the play from which *A Voyage en Suisse*, made familiar to you by the *Hansons*, was taken. Bisson's play of *Le 115 Rue Pigalle* also made a great hit at the *Cluny*, so a vast deal of amusement was expected from the new piece, and the audience was not disappointed. The production was originally fixed for the *Odeon*, but the management there kept procrastinating until Bisson became disgusted. He happened to meet M. Coquelin, who suggested the *Francais*, where it was presented and accepted. It can be put down as one of the successes of the year, not especially for the reason that it possesses notable dramatic merit or particular originality, for it bears a family resemblance to a number of familiar productions of the past winter; but the clever acting of the Brothers Coquelin, upon whom the whole weight of the interpretation may be said to fall, would be saviors of compositions infinitely below this in point of excellence. The scene is laid in *Poitiers*, where the *Comte de Chautleur* (Coquelin *ainé*) has a chateau, and where, in company with his young wife *Hélène* (Mlle. Durand), his mother-in-law and sister-in-law, he is for the present residing. The *Comte* has grown heavily tired of the uneventful monotony of country life, and years after the *folies* and *vanities* of Paris, when a "combination" comes to play a short engagement at *Poitiers*. He, not having better amusement, falls violently in love with *Sidonie*, the prima donna, who professes to be a bright and particular star from the *Variétés* in Paris. *Chautleur* is endeavoring to frame some excuse that will go down with his mother-in-law, which will enable him to see his sweetheart, whom he has promised to meet in Paris, but without success, when one of his boon companions opportunely arrives and offers it to him. This gentleman had just passed through *Bombignac*, and had received a request to stand as the Legitimist candidate for *Deputy* from that district; as it was overwhelmingly Republican he had not considered it worth while to reply, and still has the letter in his pocket unanswered, which he willingly transferred to his friend, and *Chautleur* then announces to his wife and mother-in-law his intention of standing as a candidate for *Bombignac*. The ladies are both ardent Royalists and immediately approve of the idea; so he gets ready, and starts from the chateau accompanied by his faithful private secretary, *Pinteau* (Coquelin *cadet*). This secretary is a devoted servant, but an extreme Radical. However, as the *Comte* cares nothing about politics and thinks less, this fact is not taken into consideration, and, when they reach the railway station, *Pinteau* is sent South to pass himself off as the *Comte*, and his master takes the express to Paris, where he spends a fortnight most happily. When he returns to the chateau and finds he has been elected Radical *Deputy* for *Bombignac*, his surprise and the indignation of his family can well be imagined, *Pinteau* has passed himself off as the *Comte de Chautleur*, but the campaign was too much for him. He spends *6,000 francs* of the *Comte's* money, and in his stamp speeches he has proved himself such an advanced Radical that he carries the place by storm, and is elected almost unanimously. *Pinteau* had had a little spare time on his hands, which he had used in making hot love to *Sidonie*, lady he had met in *Paris*, and had been as successful with her as with the constituency. The object of *Comte's* friend's visit to *Bombignac* had been to console an old sweetheart in an establishment he had purchased for her, and this retired lady is the lady with whom *Pinteau* has passed some happy hours. She imagines that he is the *Comte de Chautleur*, and he, on his part, takes her to be a very distinguished personage, even though the conquest of her heart has proven a comparatively easy undertaking.

She follows him to *Poitiers*, and the mother-in-law, having opened one of her letters, is shocked at the revelations it contains. When *Chautleur* learns of this discovery, and is apprised that the *Marquis* has sent to have the lady brought to the *Chateau*, he is in a terrible state of trepidation, as he imagines that it is the actress from *Paris* who has arrived for the purpose of blackmailing him. In the end the complications are cleared up in a satisfactory manner. The *Comte* believes in the fidelity of her husband, her sister marries *Bonard*, the friend of the *Comte*; the *Comte* is cured of his wandering after strange gods; *Pinteau* discovers the real character of *Asafe*, and suffers no unpleasant consequences from the punishment he had made, as he is allowed to take his seat. All the acts pass in the *chateau*; the second is exceedingly funny, and brought down the house. The mother-in-law is constantly receiving telegrams, postal-cards and letters which give the *Comte* away both in his treason to the faith of his fathers and to his marital vows. The piece will no doubt be adapted for the American stage, as it contains some very bright lines. The following are a few specimens:

"Well, then, you ought to go into politics."
"Hm, really, I have not a single quality of the statesman."
"Oh, yes, you have; you are rich."
Again:
"It is that *Sidonie* who made him lose his head; he ought to know better and get rid of her—after a week."

Again:
"I think the best way to prevent failures is keeping promises not to make any."
Mlle. Louise Sergeant, who lived at *Boulevard Bonne Nouvelle*, was a bright, talented and beautiful young actress, who created quite a sensation in her part of *Jabotte* in the pantomime of *Cendrillon*, at the *Porte St. Martin*. She was attacked by a nervous disease, and sought hypodermic injections of morphine to relieve her sufferings; she eventually became a slave to the drug, and when not under its influence suffered the torments of the damned. She had upon one occasion attempted suicide by shooting herself, but she was prevented by the weapon being torn from her hand. Yesterday morning, however, she took advantage of a moment when her servant was out, and placing the muzzle of a large revolver in her mouth, fired a bullet through her brain and expired a few moments afterward in the arms of her physician.

The first representation of a comedy in one act, by the *Marquis de Massa*, entitled *La Cicatrice*, was given last evening at the residence of Baron Maurice de Hirsch. The scar on the forehead of the heroine (Mlle. Reichenberg) leads to the culminating point, which, of course, is a marriage. M. Coquelin *ainé*, who appears to be ubiquitous, played three characters in the piece, and acted them well. Mlle. Reichenberg was not up in her lines and did not do credit to herself nor to the part. The comedy was preceded by a farce and followed by a dance which lasted until broad daylight in the morning.

The *Billets Taylor* Opera company, with Lillian Russell as the bright and particular star, which started out on a Continental tour about two months since, has come to grief at *Lausanne*. They opened their season at *Havre*, and after performing at *Brussels* started down through *Germany* and *Switzerland*. Their business became poorer and poorer, and finally the director ran away with all the available cash, leaving the company to the tender mercies of the keeper of the hotel where the company had stopped. Some of the kind-hearted residents and visitors are assisting the members, so they will probably all reach their base of supplies with a bountiful store of experience, if nothing else. Miss Russell has been engaged in London for the ensuing season at a fair salary; at least, so says *Madam Rumor*.

The hot weather is rapidly bringing the season to a finish, and it is not any too soon, as it is reported that on Saturday last one house took in only twenty-six francs at the doors. On the same evening the *Italiens*, *Odéon*, *Variétés* and *Bouffes* closed their doors for the Summer. *Les Trois Devius* will be brought out this week at the *Amphitheatre*. *Edmond Flory* will be played at the *Porte St. Martin* until the end of the present month. The annual cost of insuring the scenery at the *Grand Opera* is 40,000 francs. *Georges Richard* has read to the committee of the *Comédie Francaise* a comedy in which he had made a large number of alterations, which they had suggested; but now M. Arnoux-Revire comes forward and claims that the plot of the piece was stolen from a romance written by him. *The Cluny* closes on the 15th of June, having had a wonderfully successful run with *Trois Femmes pour un Mari*. They will probably open the ensuing season with the same piece. *Les Caprices de Marianne* is to be revived at the *Français*. Mme. Bernhardt will probably produce at the *Porte St. Martin* an adaptation of *Romeo and Juliet*, by M. Richerat, at the opening of next season. *Excalis* will be continued at the *Eden* under the new management. *Le Cid* is being rehearsed at the *Comédie-Française*. Mme. Vauthier

THE NEW YORK MIRROR.

Our London Looking-Glass.



*Shine out, fair Sun, and be our looking-glass,
That we may see the drama's shadows pass.*

—MUNN ED. or RICHARD III.

The renewed success of *Our Boys* at the Gaity is the event of the week. *Miss Fortescue*, of *Our Girls*, is to the fore as the poor cousin with an expensive wardrobe. She will never make an actress, because she will not subordinate her beauty to her art. *Fanny Davenport* only began to be an actress when she put on rags and played *Ruth Tredgett*. *Fancy Mary Melrose* played with a half guinea bouquet at her corsage, and in striped skirts such as a *Strand* woman sports! Why shall *Our Boys* never see the light in America well played? It was slaughtered at Daly's. *Byron* had sold it to *Wallack* and got his money. *Wallack*, gentlemanlike, trusted to *Byron's* word. *Daly*, more business-like, got a fresh contract that stood the fire of a lawsuit. *Byron* got his earnest-money, but he lost his royalties and his prestige. *Wallack* at that time could have cast *Our Boys* for a season's run.

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The Great Divorce Case is even better played at the Criterion than when I saw it at the Union Square last Summer. I believe Mr. Micawber could financially magnetize the best when his foot was on his native heath. *Wyndham*, *Kate Rorke* and *Giddens* (who are the mouth, eyes and nose of the features of the play) seem to amuse best on their native heath. During the first performance the row of (not tan-y but electric) topights fell immediately in front of *Wyndham* and *Miss Chalgrove*. With that a painful rustle of apprehension went over the house, that was at once relieved by *Wyndham* saying to his "client," "Do not mind the interruption; continue your sad story." The audience applauded, and saw by his manner that "all was serene," and the curtain dropped for a moment for restorations. When it re-assembled *Wyndham* continued: "And now, Madame, to resume." When another round of applause followed.

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Similar presence of mind was shown by *Emerson* of the *Haverly Minstrels* when a calcium lime-bag exploded under the stage, and when the audience partly rose in consequence. "My big trunk has fallen," said *Emerson* to the other, and the two, keeping on, reassured the audience. This may be called mastodon presence of mind. Which reminds me that I saw *Haverly* last evening in the *Gaiety* grill-room, surrounded by his staff of secretaries (with *Kenward Phipp* and *Charles DaGarno* at their head), showing unmistakable symptoms of financial rehabilitation. "How will you have the Welsh rarebit done? She cooks in a hurry." "Is a rarebit feminine? If so, I will have her lee-ble browned," said *Handsome Jack*, and he paid forfeit in drinks like a man.

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I saw the weak dramatic version of *Adam Bede* at the Holborn, and was about to give a paragraph about the performance when this, in the *Pall Mall Gazette*, caught my attention. I cannot improve upon that, as the Fourth of July pyrotechnician exclaimed when during his fireworks a sheet of lightning struck down the St. Catherine-wheel pole. Thus the *P. M. G.*:

"A gentleman who disdains the conventional prefix and describes himself in the playbill as *Howell-Poole* has laid sacrilegious hands upon '*Adam Bede*' and converted it into a terribly long and prosy drama, which has been produced in a rough-and-ready fashion by Mr. George Rignold at the Holborn Theatre. It would be impossible to reproduce on the stage anything of the real charm of George Eliot's work. Its plot, which in its bare outline is commonplace enough, is all that the playwright can really grasp. '*Howell-Poole*' is innocent of the art of even telling a story coherently on the stage, and as for giving us clearly to understand the motives and emotions of his personages, that is utterly beyond his power. The rambling action is always being interrupted by comic and pastoral episodes, in some of which one recognizes with a sort of shudder lacerated fragments of humor, and now and again of the ethics, of George Eliot. The play would be deplorably dull even if it did not caricature a great classic; the fact that such names as *Adam Bede*, *Hetty Sorrel*, *Mrs. Poyser* and *Dinah Morris* are attached to the puppets makes the exhibition painful."

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Much attention is attracted at the exhibition of the Royal Academy to picture No. 7, and entitled on the catalogue "A Morning Call." Wilson Barrett is instructing his company in elocution, and he, she or it who "elocutes" the best will win a prize. Which sadness reminds me of *Edwin Forrest* and an actor who wished to win the former's favor. He played a trial part several nights and then asked: *Forrest* if it was acceptable. The tragedian growled at him indistinctly. The *trio* added: "I have thus far taken forty lessons in elocution." "But if I didn't think so," returned *Forrest*. "Elocution is the ether and opium of dramatic art."

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The theatrical witicism of the week belongs to *H. P. Stephens*. Walking with a friend in *Garrison* street, a cab containing a gentleman was run into by a grocer's cart and he nearly thrown out. "Why, that's *Edgar Bruce*," said the friend. "*Bruce*" returned *Stephens*.

"why, he came near having his name changed in a hospital to *Edgar bruised*."

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Baron Mansfield suns himself daily around *Trafalgar Square*, looking as if he could knock off *Nelson's* cocked hat on top of the monument with that pair of dumb bells he used to struggle with in *Parisian Romance*.

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Lawrence Barrett and *Henry Irving* have been playing at a private performance of *St. George and the Dragon*. *H. I.* was the *St.* and *L. B.* the wounded animal. Thus *H. I.* was possessor of an order of *St. George* set in brilliants once worn by the elder *Kean* when playing *Richard III*, and this he presented to *L. B.* with an inscription of compliment. I at least like *Barrett's* pluck. He will come again next year and play in *Francesca*. I fancy he will then make a great hit.

A. OAKLEY HALL.

The Wild West Show.

Buffalo Bill opened a two weeks' season of the Wild West at the *Polo Grounds* on Monday afternoon. A *Mirrored* representative attended. With some difficulty he forced his way through the dense crowd that surrounded the entrance, and seated himself in a cool and sheltered part of the grand stand. During the performance a band played popular music. A lusty-junged person announced each act, with a brief description thereof, and a glance at the careers of the heroes who appeared therein. First came a parade of the Show. The *Rocky Mountain sheep* attracted attention, as they were said to be the only specimens ever known to have lived in captivity. Each tribe of Indians appeared separately, headed by a chief. Their horsemanship was wonderful, keeping in perfect line at full gallop. *Big Eagle* headed the *Omahas*, and presented a picture-like appearance. The reception to the cowboys was very enthusiastic. The Mexican vaqueros came next, headed by *Antonio Escapulio*, the champion vaquero of Mexico. The *Pawnees* rode up, headed by *Major North*, their white chief. The *Major* is a commanding personage, with an intelligent face. Besides being a real live chief, he is a member of the *Nebraska Legislature*. He claims to speak thirteen languages of the red nation. Next appeared a number of *Sioux Indians* under *John Nelson*.

A wild cheer greeted the approach of a long line of tall, wiry men, at full gallop in a cloud of dust. *Buck Taylor*, the famous prairie rancher, headed the cavalcade. These American dare-devils were accompanied by *Con Groner*, the cow-boy sheriff, a daring limb of *Western* law. When the cavalcade had wheeled into line, *Hon. William F. Cody* introduced the cowboys in a speech.

After the formal opening the performance began with a war-whoop. At a wave of *Buffalo Bill's* hat the gang wheeled about and raced pell-mell for the encampment at the end of the grounds. About ten events followed, among the most striking of which were the riding and lassoing of Texas steer; a race between two Indians, two Mexicans, and two cowboys on horseback; an exhibition of how the old-time pony express was worked. Captain *Bogardus* and his four sons displayed some marvellous shooting. *Buffalo Bill* ditto. But few misses were made, either at clay pigeons or glass balls. Among other notables were *Buck Taylor*, a dead shot, lasso thrower and daring rider; *John Nelson*, *Seth Hathaway*, *Major North*, *Con Groner*, *Frank Wheeling*, *William Russell* and *William Irving*. Two colored boys gave exhibitions of horsemanship, and rode wild elk, steer and other cattle. *Victor Green*, the younger of the two, is said to be the only person in the whole camp who can ride the mule *Suicide*.

A notable feature of the exhibition is the attack on the *Deadwood Coach*. *Edward Bloom* and several gentlemen were inside. At a signal *Mr. Bloom* began to blaze away with a rifle. The Indians gathered about and began promiscuous firing. When the excitement had ceased the paralyzed occupants of the coach were tenderly lifted to the ground. There are now streaks of silver in *Bloom's* taven locks.

By handing a half-dollar to a member of the *Bogardus* family, one could secure a maimed souvenir of the Show. One unfortunate, however, had his coin blown into space. At the conclusion of the entertainment *Buffalo Bill* made a speech of thanks.

Dixey's Burlesque.

Harry Dixey, or, as he is now called, *Henry E. Dixey*, is working hard on rehearsals of his burlesque, *Adonis*, at the *New Park Theatre*. It is the joint work of *William Gill* and himself. The company will number sixty. *Mr. Dixey*, in addition to playing the title role, will take an active part in the management. *Edward E. Rice* is interested with him. The scenery, costumes and properties, all of his own and *Rice's* design, will be new. *Alfred Thompson* has executed the designs for the costumes, which are nearly ready.

Mr. Dixey says the burlesque is a combination of extravagance and merry comedy, relating the story of a statue brought to life by the love of a sculptress and afterward going through a varied career. *Rice* has composed the music. The piece opens in *Chicago* on July 6 and will later be taken to *Boston*. Most of the time has been booked.

Professional Doings.

—*Nellie Strickland* has been engaged by *W. J. Scanlan*.

—*W. S. Mullaly* has joined the *Kiralfy's* as musical director.

—*H. B. Lonsdale* and *James Barton* are away on a yachting cruise.

—*Walden Ramsay* and *De Wolf Hopper* remain with the *Madison Square*.

—*John Morgan* has been engaged by *Colville* and *Rickaby* for *The Pavements of Paris*.

—*George Loesch* will conduct the *Boston Howard Atheneum* orchestra next season.

—*C. H. Kimball* has received an offer from *W. A. Mestayer* to join one of his companies.

—*John Gilbert*, late of the *Wanted*—A Partner company, has been engaged for a *Boston Theatre* company.

—The *Star Comedy* company will not go on the road until the Fall. It may thus escape being classed as a snap.

—The coming season will be *Joseph Levy's* fourth with *Lawrence Barrett*. It will open at *Denver*, Col., July 28.

—*Joseph W. Harris* goes to *Ocean Spray* for the Summer. He will rehearse *Dissipation* in *Boston* with *George Schiller*.

—*Gale and Spader's Bohemians* are rehearsing at the *Comedy Theatre* under *A. Z.城市管理*. They open in *Chicago* in July.

—*Frank Daniels* will continue in his original creation of *Old Sport in the Rag Baby*. The funny trifle is booked for all the principal cities.

—A *Mirrored* reporter on Tuesday was shown a telegram from San Francisco, announcing that *James O'Neill* opened to a \$2,000 house the night before.

—The Young Mrs. *Winthrop* company arrived in town yesterday, having closed at *Omaha*. *Enid Leslie* remained in *Chicago* to join the *Wallack* company.

—At the close of the *Boston* season, July 5, *Tony Pastor's Own* will take a five weeks' vacation. The *Own* will reassemble at *Saratoga* on August 22 and resume the tour.

—After the production of *Twins*, at *Wallack's*, the *Frohman*s will send it on the road under the *Wallack-Frohman* arrangement. So *Charles Frohman* informed a *Mirrored* reporter yesterday.

—*R. S. Downing*, *Walter Dennis*, *Giles Shine* and wife, *Crypti Palmoni*, *James F. Joyce* and *James Mahoney* are among the professionals lately returned to their homes in Washington.

—*Walter Owen* has not as yet signed for next season. He is anxious to secure a position in a company playing tragedies. *Mr. Owen* has a fine voice and good stage presence and carriage.

—Colonel *Milliken* has just adapted *La Flambouyante*. It will be known in English under the title of *The Good Ship Nonesuch*. The piece contains a strong comedy part for a leading man.

—A burlesque of *Madam Boniface* has been submitted to the *Bijou* Opera House management. As *Theo* will sing the opera at *Wallack's*, it is thought a burlesque at the little house opposite would be welcome.

—*Lester Wallack* has secured the comedy by *Joseph Derrick*, called *Twins*, from *Simmonds* and *Brown*, and it will be produced at his theatre in November. It is a lively and somewhat Frenchy trifle.

—*Patience* was produced at *Knowles* and *Morris*' Grand Opera House, *Brooklyn*, on Monday night, with *Emma Howson* in the title role; *Gertrude Orme* as *Lady Jane* and *George Gaston* as *Hunthorne*.

—*Sophie Lingwood* has returned to the city from *Boston*, where she had been playing in *Our Boarding-School* with *John E. Ince*. *Mr. Ince* and *Mrs. Lingwood* may try a Summer season with the *Boarding-School*.

—*George Kelly* and *Harry Herkis*, managers of the Indian troupe which had been on exhibition at the *People's Museum* in *Cincinnati*, were attacked 13th, at the instance of *H. H. Ludlum*, to satisfy a claim of \$500.

—*Doré Davidson's* case against *Gallagher, Gilmore* and *Gardner*, managers of *The Devil's Auction*, has been settled. An attachment was obtained upon the scenery by the plaintiff, and this hastened a satisfactory compromise.

—The report that a new theatre is being erected at the corner of *Houston* street and the *Bowery* is untrue. *Harry Miner* informed a *Mirrored* man yesterday that the *Astor* family, who own the ground, will erect flats and stores thereon.

—*Ed. Bloom* assisted at the first matinee of the *Wild West Show*, acting as a passenger in the *Deadwood* coach during the *Indian attack*. The firing so shattered his nerves that he came near fainting. He had to be assisted from the coach.

—*Manager Fennessy*, of *Heuck's* New Opera House in *Cincinnati*, has perfected arrangements with *Appleton* and *Reiss's* Day-Rink Opera company for a series of Sunday evening performances at his house, the first to occur 22d.

—*Gustave Aulberg* has written to his friends here informing them that he has arranged with the *Meiningen* company for an American tour next season. He will return in August, and make preparations for their appearance at the *Thalia* Theatre.

—The admirers of an artist no longer write for a photograph with an autograph. They purchase one at a store, and then send a messenger boy, with pen and ink, to the stage-door, with a request that the actor or actress scribble off his or her sign manual.

—*W. A. Mestayer's* lambkin was a visitor at the *Lombard Club* on Sunday night, being conveyed thither in a black-and-tan suit. His health was drunk by the hiped hosts.

—*Singer Cappini*, whom the *Kiralfy's* sent to Europe to secure bulletts, etc., will return in two weeks to rehearse the company for the opening at the *Star Theatre* in August.

—*D. F. Heldt* remained with the *Fox* on the *Bristol* company through its disastrous season last winter. About two months ago he took the management into his own hands, and has kept the piece on the road with success. It is now touring the *Summer* resorts.

—The *Callender Minstrels* (No. 1) played the *Standard Theatre* in *London* last week, while No. 2 played the same week at the *Standard Theatre*, *Chicago*. No. 1 opens in *Liverpool* on June 23 for four weeks. They sail for home at the end of that engagement.

—The new *Opera House* at *Frontier, Ind.*, is in the centre of a population of 6,000, with plenty of outlying tributary to draw from. The stage is 35½ feet, with 15 foot scenery. Four railroads enter the town. The manager, *Thomas J. Smith*, attends to his own booking.

—On Tuesday night, after the first act of *Penny Ante*, detectives entered at the stage-door of the *Fourteenth Street Theatre* and arrested a chorus-singer. He is charged with stealing a quantity of jewelry in Europe. Among his associates here he posed as a Count.

—*H. C. Jarrett*, *John McCulli* and *Sophie Eye* arrived on *Orpheus* on Sunday. Miss Eye left at four o'clock on Monday for *Boston* to join the *Wallack* company. Harry Edwards leaves on Saturday next to represent *Lester Wallack* during the long tour of this company.

—*Henry Dickson*, of the *Kenton (O.) Opera House*, is prepared to book

THE NEW YORK MIRROR.

PROVINCIAL.



CHICAGO.

Much has been the attention at the Park Theatre during the week. I suppose it may be called an attraction, because it has done good houses. I have heard it remarked that a poet's creation in real life would be very mild and uneventful. Well, that would depend, I suppose, on the poet. It is a long step from Oscar Wilde to James Russell Lowell, and there are many intermediate steps. However, if we accept the original statement, and think a moment on a poet's fascinating personality, what shall be said of a fit of hysterics suddenly assuming form and the creation pretending to be real-life-and-undeniable people? For Motte is nothing more than a fit of rather lurid hysterics, or, worse still, mental movie-epics. It has no life, no naturalness, no motive, no beauty, no sincerity, no excuse. A woman with the mental jinx-jinx has a pen in her hand, and writes it while Hysteria pulls the string. I am not astonished that a woman so disordered as Louise de Blane, who disgraces her sex and common humanity in the Guido novels, is, as is reported, disgraced with the world; and I am more than astonished that a larger share of the world is not disgraced with the swiveling platiodes and curiosities of humanity. If one attempts to analyze such a mass of rubbish, he is soon disgusted with himself for according it so much distinction, and decides "Not a character in it has a well-defined motive; and, where an apology for one shows a cowardly head, an instant's examination shows how sickly it is, and on what untenable ground it attempts to stand. The most rocking burlesque breathes the air of high Olympus in comparison. In regard to the presentation it is only necessary to say that the Wallack co. entered into the spirit of the affair, struck the hysterical keynote, and galed through without once losing their grip. Indeed, the flavor in which the play was rendered was one of the most striking successes upon it that would present itself to a healthy, harmonious, critical mind. When the next Guido play comes I shall take a holiday, and visit an opera joint, or else purchase a gallon of whiskey and go and get myself bitten by a rattlesnake.

Bartholomew's Equine Parades has continued to draw crowded houses at the Boston Theatre, and the noble animals remain another week, in spite of the fact that the Circus is here. Peck's Bad Boy concluded its season at the Bijou Theatre to good houses. The Barlow-Wilson Minstrels continued to good houses at the Boston Museum, and closed for the season. Olivette did a fair business the second week at Park Square Garden, but cold weather prevented the large houses of the week before. Variety at the Boylston. The Globe and Howard are closed.

Items: An Adamsian Eden, as revised and somewhat reconstructed both in libretto and score by Benjamin E. Woolf and John J. Graham, will be a novelty at Oakwood Garden, July 7, when George Dean Spaulding will direct the orchestra, and all the performers on the stage, with one exception, will be women, while women will also act as ticket sellers and takers and as ushers. The novelty of the affair would attract a crowd if there were no work, which there surely will be. The evening entertainment will begin by a musical sketch, The Auction, with only two characters, essayed by Lillian Potts and Miss Jackson, when Mr. Graham himself will direct. Much curiosity is awakened already.—Timothie Adamski and John T. Whipplewright are said to have entered suit against the Bijou Theatre for not producing their opera, as per alleged agreement. They think they have been damaged \$10,000. Who can tell? I learn from the management of the Bijou that the defense will be that the opera was not finished in time to be given, the music not being in a condition for any one to read or make anything of, while the libretto was in an equally disordered condition up to so late a period that nothing could be done. A little advertising idea probably is at the bottom of the affair, and nothing serious will result.—J. Thomas Baldwin has been appointed as superintendent of music for the Boston Fourth of July celebration.—The announcement that Max Freeman and Jossely are preparing a comic opera is enough to make the gods sit still with apprehension. Although Mr. Rosenfeld is in town I wish to say that this term was not inspired by him; and as Mr. Freeman is in town I would also say that my vacation begins the day before The Minnow appears.—B. J. Lang has gone to his Western home for the summer.—George Henrich is spending a few weeks, with his wife, at Haydenville, the lady's former home, where he is finishing the score of "A Sea-Change."—George Thawer has been in town during the week, and rumors are that he is trying to get Barlow back into the rival organization. I give the report for what it is worth.—J. S. Wentworth, a young tenor singer, sang at a recent concert at Clarendon Hall and made an exceedingly favorable impression.—The Sam Lucas Concert Co. gave a sacred concert Sunday evening at the Park Square Garden to a large and well-pleased audience. Several plantation melodies were given with much feeling.—The Star, copying my last week's sun on George H. Tyler, says I "should have some companion on the pony-ridden players." Why should I? I don't they spring their terrible examples on us first nights? Why shouldn't we get back on them once in a while?—Annie Clarke, the leading lady of the Boston Museum, has gone to her Needham residence for the summer.—I met her after the train for New York, and he told me he was getting ready for a series of swell concerts the last of July at Newport, Saratoga and Long Branch. Several popular singers are already engaged, but I can not get at liberty to mention names.—I understand on pretty reliable authority that Strohweil will soon look up once more. Look out for music-entrepeneur Lorch will direct the orchestra at the Howard Atheneum next season.—Stage Manager McAvoy, of the Boylston Mai-clus, will benefit 25th.—Marjorie Bonner is summing up the Boston.—Florence Bates has retired from the Peck's Bad Boy co., and will summer at her home in Somerville, near Boston. A couple of pass suggest themselves, but I don't. There is a nice room in the air.—A new open, with both words and music by B. E. Wallin, just announced, will be given at the Bijou during the season.—As though Penny-Ants were not bad enough, one of the Boston papers is ungenerous enough

to throw a Smasher-Peter brick at poor Eustis.—It is said that the new "Hanson" piece will be given first in Boston.—Four thousand public-school children attended the matinee at the Boston Theatre on Saturday afternoon to witness the Equine Parades, invited by the management of the theatre and Mr. Bartholomew.—H. C. Brown has been engaged as musical director at this Island, Revere Beach, for the months of July, August and September.

CINCINNATI.

At the People's Museum the recently organized Bijou Comic Opera co. rendered The Miserable throughout the week in good style, despite the lack of proper rehearsal. A number of satisfactory changes were made in the cast during the week. Miss Eustis' fortune, to all intents, scored the hit of the week, her acting and singing both being above the average. The actress Morrison's Hibben and County co. will hold the boards, and in addition several novelties will be introduced to the music department of the house. Manager Fennelly has arranged for the appearance of Appleton and Reid's Opera co. each Sunday at Heath's New Opera House, beginning end in The Miserable. Olivette and Chimes of Normandy will be given later in the season.

Summer Talk:—John Gourlay, the well-known comedian, was in town 13th, and tarried a few brief hours, en route to California.—James Cates arrived 14th from New Orleans, and announces that he will have charge of the troupe now singing at Spanish Fort, near that city, with Stanley Walker as his adjoint.—The Stroh Indian combi. have secured the Union Athletic Park in the city for a three days season, beginning July 3, and will give an entertainment patterned after the Wild West show.—Moses, Crandall and Eastwood, members of the troupe at the Vose Street Opera House last week, contemplate starring in a German play written especially for them. They are a clever pair, who will compare very favorably with the majority of the comedians in their line, and will make their first appearance on the dramatic stage at Baldwin's Theatre, in San Francisco, during November.—Manager Whittle, of Louisville, was in the city 12th on a business visit.—The Vose Street Opera House, under Higdon-Gabriel's management, has closed a fairly profitable season.—Manager E. J. Miles has quickly succeeded in arranging with Uncle John Robinson, and has secured the latter's handsome little theatre for several weeks, beginning in September, during the Exposition, with John T. Raymond as the opening attraction, followed by the Flamingo, in Le Voyage au Soleil.—Dan Clifton is preparing for a several-weeks' visit to Michigan.—Mudson and Martin, who have been in the city for some time past, appeared 14th, at Dayton, on the occasion of Jim Collins' benefit.—Harry Gilbert, author, actor and aviator, has beaten himself to the East.—George Kelley and Harry Heil's Indian troupe at the People's Museum, were attacked at the instance of H. H. Ludin, the hall-artist, 14th, on a claim of some \$500. The parties were all connected with the disdained Dr. Carter comb., and the present suit grows out of the affairs of that party.—Manager Lou Ballenberg and the Cincinnati orchestra are furnishing a most enjoyable series of Thursday afternoon concerts at Burnet Woods.—Frank Harff, manager of the Highland House, has returned after an extended tour in Europe.

CHICAGO.

Red Letter Nights, by Daly's co., was sufficiently attractive to crowd Hooley's Theatre at every performance. The comedy is a very light affair, but the cast embraces every member of the large co., and all the favorites have opportunities to display their versatility, so the public do not care to criticize the play. James Lewis, as Posweg, was very happy. His comedy is marked by an incisiveness and spontaneity that makes it doubly enjoyable. We do not believe this fine comedian was ever guilty of buffoonery in order to raise a laugh. A lot of our star comedians, so-called, could learn of him. Of the ladies in the cast May Fielding was the best, her fine voice being especially valuable in the singing of the music with which the comedy is filled out. Ada Rehan brought down the house with her "Jennie O'Jones" song. So great has been the rush to see the piece that it will be kept on another week. Next week we are promised 7-20-3 and The Country Girl.

The second week of A Trip to Africa was bad. For some unaccountable reason the public did not turn out to witness one of the best light operas seen here during the season. The patronage became so light that upon two occasions there was serious contemplation of diminishing the audience. On Thursday night the trouble began by an attachment being served and the wardrobe seized for a debt of \$125. This was paid, and the curtain went up at 9 o'clock. All salaries were behind, and several of the principal singers refused to go on for the Saturday matinee unless their claims were paid. This was impossible, and no performance was given. The difficulty extended to the evening, and no opera-waster result. Some of the singers left the co. at the end of the first week, their contracts having expired, but their places were filled with competent people. Mr. Hatt, who claimed to represent the Haines Piano Company, was the manager. He says he is not responsible for the salaries, and Mr. Haines says he had nothing with the matter. The people, especially the chorus-girls and minor singers, all need their money, and whosoever is guilty of the fiasco should be made to suffer. It seems that when the co. left the Boston Bijou the name was changed to the Neuenhoff Opera Co. and Miss Jangoshowsky was made the bright particular star. She is a clever artiste, and deserving of any success that came to her legitimately, but she was unknown here, and it is a question whether the title of the Boston Bijou Opera co. would not have been the better one. One thing appears certain that Chicago has been surprised with comic opera, and the people are tired of them. At least the foreign article appears to have had its day. Perhaps a good home-made, American opera with characters that the average audience would recognize as original types would be successful after so much French, German and Italian music. Does anyone know of such a work? Now is the time to mention it, and have the important question settled at last.

Victor is running along smoothly at McVicker's Theatre, and is really a great conception. It can be seen and studied several times without fatigue. Miss Sam and Signor Cappuccini are capital pantomimes, and express much by their graceful gestures as Light and Darkness. Tony Pastor and his variety co. did a profitable business at the Standard. This week a new Irish drama, entitled True Hearts of Erin, will be produced for the first time. The cast is strong, including John A. Lane, Harry Barton, Michael Whelan and Ida Barton. An Uncle Tom co. is to follow, 14th.

A Celebrated Case, with Lewis Morrison as Jean Brund, drew good and encores to the Academy of Music. The cast included Nelson Wheetstone as Count De Mornay, Henry St. Mauras, Duke D'Albret, Grace Roth Henderson as Adrienne and Blanche Weaver as Valentine. Mr. Wheetstone failed to make De Mornay as prominent as it should be, for want of interest in the part. He played it in a listless manner that did not speak well for his artistic nature. This gentleman has yet to show that he is above mediocrity. The Jean of Lewis Morrison was capital in the prologue to the play. This could not be bettered. As the convict, however, he did not fully sustain the favorable impression made in the early part of the play. Grace Henderson was pleasing as Adrienne. The O'Rourke of T. E. McCabe was very good. This week, Victor, the new play by Rebel Thorne, to be followed, 14th, with The Dead Heart.

Grace Cortland, who played a very successful engagement at the Chicago Museum, early in the season, has been re-engaged for a brief period. She will appear this week at East Lynne, Fanchon and Cassell. A fair co. has been engaged to support her.

Items: The engagement between W. W. Kelly and Madame Janisch is off, and Harry August has secured the lady for a period of three years. The changing of managers has done great good to the efforts of Madame Medjuka, who urged Madame Janisch to accept favoritism or preference to Kelly. The latter is provided at the outcome, as he had everything ready to fulfill his part of the preliminary contract several days before the time for a final contract expired. He believes his claim on Madame Janisch's services is still good, and may test the matter in the courts. Harry August is to be concentrated on securing the lady, for she will be the dramatic novelty of next season beyond any doubt.—W. S. Keeler, Assistant Manager of the Academy of Music, says Tom Weston has not taken notice of the fact that he has a blossoming baby girl at his home, aged two weeks. This will settle the dispute.—The Criterion closed for the season last Saturday evening, 14th.—Fred Frazee and his wife, Hattie Anderson, are engaged to play Snags and Teddy in A Ranch of Keys next season.—W. C. Camp has purchased a controlling interest in Dr. Carter's Wild West Show. The title will be changed so as not to conflict with Buffalo Bill's Show, and the organization will start out July 1.—J. M. Hill, manager of Margaret Mather, was in town last week. He says his business was the best since he started out with that lady. He left for Buffalo to look after his new theatre there, but will stay in that city only for a short time. The Buffalo House will open Sept. 1, with Miss Mather as Lady Macbeth.—The Robertson and Spaulding Circuit co., which started out a few weeks ago from this city, has returned. Business was bad.

SAN FRANCISCO.

There are no changes on the theatrical checker-board this week. Herne's Hearts of Oak played a good first week at the Grand Opera House and close on this, the second week. W. E. Sheridan follows in The Lyons Mai, supported by local talent.

Tilton has very unkindly forced the continuance of Lywood, his play, on the boards of the California Theatre, for its third week, against the admissions of failing business, and is paying for the unprecedented experiment of forcing the retention of a play on the stage in this latitude. His play of Queens will be produced for a several-weeks' visit to Michigan.—Mudson and Martin, who have been in the city for some time past, appeared 14th, at Dayton, on the occasion of Jim Collins' benefit.—Harry Gilbert, author, actor and aviator, has beaten himself to the East.—George Kelley and Harry Heil's Indian troupe at the People's Museum, were attacked at the instance of H. H. Ludin, the hall-artist, 14th, on a claim of some \$500. The parties were all connected with the disdained Dr. Carter comb., and the present suit grows out of the affairs of that party.—Manager Lou Ballenberg and the Cincinnati orchestra are furnishing a most enjoyable series of Thursday afternoon concerts at Burnet Woods.—Frank Harff, manager of the Highland House, has returned after an extended tour in Europe.

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THE NEW YORK MIRROR.

The Usher.



Read him who can! The author will never—Lotta's Lovers' Lover.

I note the following paragraph in a recent letter from my friend Howard Paul, written from London to the *American Register of Paris*:

For reliable general theatrical information and insight, incise reviews of current plays, the *New York Mirror*, now edited by Harrison Grey Fiske, is a most admirable journal and one I read with great pleasure; but it is wide of the mark on the subject of Lotta and Minnie Palmer. It is possible that the latter, at some period of her novitiate, when she was forming her style, may have profited by seeing the older ladies and taking hints from her; but I contend that little Miss Palmer has distinct merits of her own. Surely she could not have elicited her bright spirits and captivating vivacity from Lotta; and in these elements lie her main charm. Tax Minnie is utterly wrong in regard to the financial prosperity of the two ladies. Lotta has lost over a thousand pounds by her management of the Opera Comique, and Minnie's clear profits have been quite \$100 a week up to last Saturday.

Mr. Paul is such a clever man that I must confess a feeling of surprise that he should have misread his *Mirror*. It has never denied the prosperity of Miss Palmer among the Londoners—it has, on the contrary, admitted her financial success. That success does not prove the actress to be possessed of genuine ability, nor does it disprove the assertion that the slavishly copied Lotta. Now, while personally I esteem Miss Palmer, who is an industrious and good little woman, in the capacity of a public performer she inspires contempt—the sort that one always feels for a person who steals thunder and then discharges it clumsily. Miss Palmer's personal virtues I admire; her professional exhibitions I abhor. While acknowledging her popularity among a certain class of English playgoers and newspaper scribblers, I must say that it shows there are more fools clustered in London town than one would believe possible.

How much this incomprehensible favor is due to mimicry of Lotta and how much to the vulgar, vociferous, side-show manner in which she has been handled, cannot be told. Certain it is that Miss Palmer—who was first an indifferent variety performer, then an insipid subordinate stock-actress, and finally an unprofitable star in this country—has been accorded an importance on the other side utterly disproportionate to her position. Even Barnum's white elephant attracted less notice in England than this theatrical white mouse, over the delivery of which a blatant managerial mountain has been painfully laboring for several years. And, by the way, the dodge of this vulgar creature to associate Mary Anderson's name with Miss Palmer's in a manner to indicate jealousy of the latter on the part of the former, is about as ridiculous as anything yet attempted in this line. Miss Anderson is as distantly removed from the other in the artistic world as Edwin Booth is from Jumbo Joslyn Davis. Davis, if I may make a suggestion, would make a capital leading man for the Palmer aggregation. His diamonds would go nicely with Minnie's embroidered stockings, and her winks and kicks would appropriately accentuate the humors of his St. Vitus' dance. Truly, this is a combination that might astound the amusement world.

McCullough is back from his jaunt looking somewhat improved in health. The report that he will not star next season is utterly false. The tragedian will begin his work rather earlier than usual and play a longer tour. It cannot be denied that, owing to physical disabilities, McCullough lost ground rapidly last Fall and Winter; but this will be regained in short order, now that he is himself again.

The other tragedians are distributed in various quarters. Booth is at his Newport cottage. Barrett is on his way home from foreign disappointments. He arrives this week and goes to Denver. Fred Warde is making hay out in Frisco. Tom Keene is enjoying a needed rest. Mather is in Chicago.

No one will question Harry Miner's energy or charableness in administrating, as President, the affairs of the *Actors' Fund*; but I would give him a friendly caution now in regard to two or three of his recent moves, lest his zeal may blind his reason and carry him beyond his depth. At the Trustees' meeting on Thursday Mr. Miner and the rest of the Board wrangled over the sending out of an appeal to the profession. Miner proposed to do it independently, and the Trustees objected on the ground that no address should be issued without their consent and co-operation. Then

the President got on a high-horse, and proclaimed that he would circulate the appeal willy-nilly, and he probably means to carry out the threat shortly. In objecting to independent action on Miner's part the Trustees were undoubtedly right, not alone because they might cherish doubts as to the President's grammatical accomplishments, but for the reason that they are solely empowered to authorize the drafting and sending out of such a circular. If Miner wants to thrust himself forward merely for personal motives, he should at least avoid exceeding his powers. Again, the President proposed a baseball match for the benefit of the Fund. He forgets that it is the *Actors' Fund*. The common devices of mechanics and "toughs" are not proper to swell the treasury of this institution, which is connected with an art calling.

An almost equally objectionable suggestion from Miner is the proposition to hold a fair in the Fall at Madison Square Garden, the booths to be in charge of actresses. Such a scheme would have a degrading tendency. The respectable women of the profession should not, and probably would not, put themselves on exhibition in this manner and lay themselves open to the insults that would certainly be heaped upon them by loafers who would embrace the unusual opportunity of coming into familiar contact with actresses. The fair scheme is utterly unfeasible, and I don't believe a decent woman would participate in it. Mr. Miner is zealous, but he is adopting altogether too high a hand, and unless he exercises greater discretion there will be general regret that the presidency of the fund has fallen into the hands of a manager whose ideas are tinted with the horrah style of the variety business.

There was a rumor afloat on Tuesday that Lillian Spencer was lying dangerously ill at Pittsburgh. The story seemed probable in view of the publication of an interview with her recent spouse in Sunday's *World*. A telegram of inquiry to THE MIRROR's Pittsburgh representative brought the following reply yesterday afternoon: "Lillian Spencer is in excellent health. Her friends here are complimenting her upon her bright looks. She is in better physical condition than she has been for several years. I have investigated the matter personally."

The chances of the Weston-Ellis-Lee party clearing handsome profits on their forthcoming Western tour are decidedly good. Harry Lee tells me that the active participation of the partners in the stage work reduces the salary list to the surprisingly small sum of \$165 per week. The total expenses, including printing, transportation and the personal needs of the stellar trio, amount to only \$200. Few Summer tours of meritorious organizations are conducted on such an economical basis as this is to be.

Harry Sargent's eye beams with its old expression of self-satisfaction and good humor, and his conversation partakes of the honed eloquence of yore. Everybody seems disposed to give the discoverer of Modjeska a leg-up and I expect to see him shortly monopolizing the dramatic column of the newspapers and taxing his powers for the invention of fresh yarns to boom his new show. "Janisch" is the word now inscribed on Sargent's banner. It's an odd name, and it belongs to a clever actress—two reasons for congratulating the *debonair* H. J. on the possession of that three years' contract which he carries around in his vest-pocket.

The burlesque mania is finding new victims every week. Four or five prominent managers have arranged within the past few days to present attractions of this sort, and there are more to be heard from. It is no longer a matter of doubt which way the theatrical cat is going to jump; but it is a question where she'll land.

The *Telegraph* insinuates that a new play of Bartley Campbell's will be tried by Shook and Collier during the Chicago engagement of the Union Square company, with a view to putting it on here later for a run. I have it from honest Bartley himself that this is untrue. He is not hankering for managers to produce his pieces. He is going to be his own manager in future. Campbell's latest works, *The Lascivious Love* and *A Social Study*, are likely to see the footlights next season. The former is a drama of the intense order, with one great situation that will make a sensation; the latter dissects a phase of social morality and knifed current shams without mercy.

Last Thursday morning THE MIRROR contained an interview with Rudolph Aronson, setting forth the principal features of his managerial connection with the *Castro*, and giving certain facts in relation to the financial condition of the concern. On Tuesday this article was reprinted in another dramatic paper published in New York. Each sentence had been altered from the first to the third person, but the phraseology remained the same throughout. The source from which the article was taken did not appear. The small-fry dramatic papers are always several days behind THE MIRROR in the publication of news, but from this last dodge I am led to believe that they intend hereafter to save the trouble

of rewriting the matter they pilfer from these columns by copying it verbatim.

A capital portrait of Fred Leslie appears in the current number of Clement Scott's *Theatre*. The accompanying sketch of this favorite comedian's life is written by himself. The most notable facts set forth are that his natal day is April 1, and that he is twenty-nine years of age. With becoming modesty Leslie touches very lightly upon his professional achievements; but then, they need no hailing, since they speak eloquently for themselves. Leslie is still playing General Ollendorff at the Alhambra and duplicating the success he made in that part at the Casino.

George Edgar Montgomery, since his retirement from the dramatic editorship of the *Daily Times*, has formed other newspaper connections which are likely to prove more agreeable and profitable. He furnishes letters to several large out-of-town papers, and contributes regularly to a number of publications in this city. His successor on the *Times* has had no opportunity to distinguish himself, as he took hold when the season was in its last gasps; but he has managed, nevertheless, in the preparation of a few notices and paragraphs, to show his inferiority to Montgomery. The proprietor of the sheet made a great mistake in letting that gentleman go, or rather in freezing him out. But they have made many mistakes latterly, and this particular one therefore was not productive of much surprise.

Rice is perpetually getting into hot water. The last disturbance in his vicinity is the breaking up of the Pop company. As the existence of this party has been somewhat precarious of late, its collapse may not, after all, be much of a misfortune to the manager. Rice deserves the distinction of chief of the snap incubators. He starts company after company with a loud hurrah, and they invariably slip out of his hands when they happen to catch on, or when they don't they score brilliant failures. He never seems to have any capital, but projects his enterprises with a sublime disregard for consequences or obligations of any sort. I don't know another manager in the business who could keep on repeating this sort of thing *ad lib.*

A Mild Claimant.

Frank Howson (brother of John), musical director at the Madison Square, has a slight claim upon May Blossom; but he does not seek to air a grievance. He claims that the Lullaby song in that play is not Taylor-made—that the words and music are a product of the Howson genius.

"This is not much to claim," says Mr. Howson; "but if challenged to proof, I will produce my notes, score and manuscript. Why, I am receiving a royalty from the sale of the Lullaby. Before the sale ceases it will have netted me a tidy sum. It was written at Mr. Belasco's request."

Sargent's New Star.

On Saturday afternoon Harry Sargent telephoned THE MIRROR from Chicago that he had just signed a three years' contract with Madame Janisch, who was supporting Handmann in that city. Early on Monday morning Mr. Sargent personally appeared to furnish further particulars.

There was in the visitor's manner something of the jauntiness and semi-confidential style that were noticeable in the days when he was working Modjeska into prominence. He wore a natty Summer suit, and a necktie of fashionable pattern. In short, THE MIRROR representative who received him was impressed with the idea that the first popular manager was again "all there." The conversation, of course, turned at once to Janisch, Sargent imbued with the necessity of beginning the manufacture of a boomlet, talking in the most unrestrained fashion of his new attraction.

"The way in which I came to get her," said he, "was almost identical with the discovery of Modjeska. Several others were negotiating, but I managed to capture the prize. Janisch came here *inognito*. Ambrog heard she was in New York, and knowing of her foreign reputation, approached her with an offer to appear at the Thalia, which she accepted. Then she consented to play in Chicago with Handmann. It was a bad arrangement for him, as she carried off all the honors."

"What pieces does the lady propose to play next season?"

"I mean to make the star and not the play the thing, and for that reason no new piece will be done. Probably *Cymbeline*, *As You Like It* and kindred selections from the standard drama will comprise the repertoire."

"Does the lady speak English sufficiently well to be plainly understood?"

"Her accent is about as pronounced as Modjeska's was at the start. It is musical and not perplexing. But I think she will improve rapidly in this respect, for she means to devote every possible moment of her time between now and the beginning of her tour to the study of the language. She will go to England with Christine Nilsson shortly and locate there for a few months, to take lessons from old John Ryder. Nilsson is an intimate friend of Madame Janisch, and she takes a lively interest in the new venture. Before returning from abroad they will go to Paris together to pick out dresses for the various parts."

"Have you filled time yet?"

"Well, I've scarcely started in; but the encouragement I have met with so far from the few managers I have seen convinces me that there will be no difficulty in securing definite dates."

Mr. Sally's Grocery.

The Corner Grocery at Tony Pastor's will remain open two or three weeks longer, at least. So James H. Lewis informs THE MIRROR. Mr. Lewis is dividing his time between Mr. Pastor's and Mr. Sally's interests. "Our business during this end April," said Mr. Lewis, "has been very large. On two or three occasions we have really turned people away. These cool nights have been greatly in our favor. The Grocery has exceeded beyond expectation. If the next two weeks are as profitable as the first two, the Grocer and the Glad Day will fight it out in Fourteenth street for most of the summer. Mr. Sally has made me a liberal offer to undertake his management next season; but I have not yet decided to leave Tony Pastor."

A Trip to Africa Interrupted.

The Neendorff Opera company—one-time Boston Bijou—which has been singing a hub success. Trip to Africa, has collapsed in Chicago. The Trip was interrupted by deputy sheriffs. The company had played a moderately successful two weeks' engagement in Philadelphia, opening May 19. Miss Jameschowsky, wife of Ad. Neendorff, was the prima donna. The company opened at the Grand Opera House, Chicago, on June 2, for four weeks. The first week was promising, but the second dropped to nothing.

On the night of Thursday, 12th, deputies began to levy on the properties, etc., to satisfy the claims of Murry Woods and Mr. and Mrs. J. S. H. Knox, who had entered suit for back salary. Manager Hamlin satisfied the claims, and the curtain rose at 8:45 P.M. On Saturday night the company disbanded. It is understood that the backers had refused to make further advances. Nothing unusual with backers.

Miss Logan's Grievance.

Celia Logan is posing as the victim of misplaced confidence. She says she has been heartlessly duped by one of her own sex. The aggrieved lady unburdened herself as follows:

"I conceived the idea of writing a comic opera libretto, taking for a subject the Vassar girls and the West Point cadets, and called it Vassar Girls. Having spent some time upon it, a lady whom I thought to be a friend offered to compose the music. I cordially placed my work in her hands. A hitch occurred when she asked to be allowed to play the leading part. To this I would not consent. She then boldly claimed the work as her own, and has had the audacity to offer it for sale. I suspect that my unprincipled friend has copyrighted the title under a false name; but I can submit sufficient evidence of my authorship enough to secure me in my rights."

Mr. Burgunder's Circuit.

M. H. Burgunder, the Wilkesbarre (Pa.) manager, was in the city yesterday, but returned home in the evening. "The chief object of my visit," said he, "is to effect an arrangement for the formation of a circuit to be known as the Wilkesbarre. This will consist in the pooling of my home city and five adjacent towns. I can thus obtain the best attractions by guaranteeing an uninterrupted week

"I advocate THE MIRROR reform in one-night stands—adopted it at the outset. My audiences are composed principally of the mining classes. I have on exhibition a curiosity which is drawing over \$125 a day at the Mountain Park, an amusement resort near Wilkesbarre. It is a miniature coal-mine—an exact model of the Avondale coal-mine and breaker, constructed by D. E. Blanchard. The entire system of working a coal-mine is shown with mules, drivers, boys, engineers, cars and miners. In fact, it is a complete reproduction of a mine in working order. It is run by steam. I intend bringing it to New York, and will first exhibit it at the Iron Pier at Coney Island."

Mr. Mitchell's Observations.

Among the arrivals by the *Oregon* on Sunday was Mason Mitchell, who accompanied Mary Anderson to London. Mr. Mitchell was under a thirty weeks' contract to Miss Anderson, but the engagement was broken off soon after his arrival on the other side. He did not make a single appearance in the American star's support. In a short interview with Mr. Mitchell, he said:

"After leaving Miss Anderson's company I had several engagements. I supported Miss Vane, an American actress, who is starring over there. My last engagement was at Drury Lane, where I took Augustus Harris' place as leading man. Did I like London? Very much. But the profession is overcrowded. Salaries are very low—very low. Provincial will play for almost nothing to get a foothold in London. And some of them have talent, too."

"London is a nice place to live in when one becomes acquainted. American professionals are not received by English audiences with open arms, but they are well treated. The upper classes are conservative in approval, while, when occasion offers, the lower orders are demonstrative in disapproval."

Professional Dances.



Above is a portrait of Adelinde Prager, who made a hit in Madame Pique at Wallack's; but who left the company because the manager wanted to place her salary at a dinner dancer. The master is likely to end in the course. Miss Prager has a fair expense résumé, which has been well-trained in the best European schools. During a season in the English provinces she created a furor by her fine acting and singing of *Serpentine* in the Chinese style. Prager is an accomplished performer on the other.

—Rose Bouillet has left the McCullough company.

—John T. Raymond closes in Milwaukee June 25.

—Golley Brown is at liberty for the coming season.

—The People's Theatre closes for the season Saturday night.

—Gustave Frickman is engaged back for England this week.

—The Palace of New York opens for one reason on August 25.

—Anna Dayton, of the Bijou company, is seriously ill at her home.

—Emily Keane has re-engaged with the Hanlons for next season.

—Jessie Glaston and Matilda Ferguson have left the Bijou company.

—It is announced that Penny Ante will be withdrawn on Saturday night.

—It is said the Hanlons' new place for next season will first see the light in Boston.

—McCarthy and Moore open at the Bijou Opera House in their new play on July 25.

—It has not yet been decided to meet *The Strangers of Paris* on the road next season.

—Maurice Graetz left for Europe last week. Brother Sam represents him in his absence.

—R. B. Mantell will appear in *Called Back* upon its production in New York in the Fall.

—Jessie Wallace will star next season in Brigham's dramatization of "Little Dorrit."

—Jannach's company are returning the new play *Life* at the Farnsworth Street Theatre.

—Daniel Frohman writes that the farce *Comedy, The Private Secretary*, is a big hit in London.

—The Ophorus and Esquilles company opened in Winnipeg on Monday night to a crowded house.

—One of the operas Manager McCullough's in Europe will be put in rehearsal at the Casino immediately.

—E. E. Rice is rehearsing his burlesque company at the New Park Theatre. Henry E. Disney is in the company.

—Edward Held, tailor-master of the Royal Theatre, Copenhagen, has been engaged by W. A. Monney for next season.

—John A. Stevens has filled all his dates on the road for next season. He will open in September and remain out until April.

—Wood's Opera House, Franklin, Ky., will be open all summer to good attractions. It is the centre of a four-week circuit.

—Tony Pastor's company has done a big business at the Standard Theatre, Chicago, the best attraction to achieve such a result.

—Edward Sothern is arranging his dates and selecting a company for *Whom are They?* which goes on the road early in the season.

—A recent letter from London states that The Beggar Student at the Alhambra proved a failure. Nell Gwynne has been withdrawn.

He Understood the Case

Complaints against railway officials and employees are frequently made by professionals, but it is often that the annoyances to which the former are subject are made public. In the interests of fair play *The Mirror* reprints the following little story which is going the rounds of the salient journals and magazines:

"I wish to see the general passenger agent of the road," said a fair, fat and flushed-faced female, looking like a whale, as she staggered herself and puffed into the office of the general passenger agent of a road running east from Chicago.

"Well, madam, what can I do for you?" said the general passenger agent, and he bowed politely.

"I want to know why I am not permitted to ride on this ticket?" returned the lady, in an excited tone of voice, as she produced her railroad-ticket.

"You are!" was the good-natured reply, as the agent looked at the ticket; "it's all right."

"But it isn't all right; didn't I try to take a train just now, and didn't an impudent, good-for-nothing man stop me at the gate and say my ticket was no good? Well, that's what he did," and she wiped the perspiration from her face.

"Oh! that was the last special," said the good-natured passenger agent, "and theatrical tickets are no good on that particular train. We advertise to that effect, you know."

"Fast specials are too good for the profession, are they? Cattle-trains will answer for us, I suppose? It won't be a great while before you insist on our riding in the baggage-car. It's a perfect outrage the way railroads treat us; just think of the indignities we are subjected to when we travel? It's only a short time ago the conductor of one of those miserable sleeping-cars invited upon my baby's gull in the baggage-car. The brute said I couldn't have him in the sleeper." And as she spoke she lifted the little car from the floor and kissed his cold nose, and said: "Our didn't go, did 'un, baby? No?" she rattled, "rather than be parted from my darling, I went in another car and sat up with him all night."

"Such treatment as that is shameful, and would not be tolerated on our road for a moment. What a beautiful little dog you have! I never saw one quite so interesting; if there is anything I admire, it's a dog," rejoined the jolly passenger-man.

"Take a chair, madam," he continued, "while I read for you myself a set of resolutions I have prepared and propose to offer at the next General Passenger Agents' meeting, which is expected to take place in a few days. Possibly, as the subject I am going to treat upon is one in which you are interested, you may be able to suggest something," saying which, he began: "In view of the large revenues we derive from the theatrical profession, and the volume of its business, it is resolved, that from and after the 1st of July, 1884, we shall special accommodation tickets, at half-tariff, to all members of travelling theatrical companies, entitling them to certain privileges to be hereinafter named, to wit: To ride upon every and all trains running over our lines at any and all times; to use special cars, including drawing-room, sleeping, and dining-cars, without extra compensation; to bring into any car they may elect household pets—such as dogs, parrots, cats, trained ponies and baby elephants; to carry no baggage, without extra pay, as many pieces as each member considers necessary; to give advance agents free passes; in short," continued the jolly passenger agent, as he beamed over his manuscript, "so far as I am able, I propose to do all in my power to make it pleasant and home-like on the road for the profession. Have I omitted anything that could add to your comfort? If so, speak right up."

"Well," retorted the lady, as her jeweled hand toyed with the tangled mass of hair covering the piece of massage-meat in her lap, "you might suggest having the water-tanks filled with champagne and ice instead of iced water, and you might advance us our salaries and get us all star-engagements. And you might—well, it's no matter."

"Oh! don't be afraid," chirped the passenger agent; "speak out."

"I was going to say," she continued, "you might provide the ladies with general passenger agents for husbands"—and a broad smile suffused itself over her full-moon face. "You certainly understand our wants, and I only wish you could carry out your philanthropic scheme."

"Oh, I'll carry out my part of the scheme; I'll offer the resolutions, and add your suggestions in with them. No doubt something will come of it, if it's only providing the husbands. I'm married myself, but there is no end to the single men in our line of business." And the jolly general passenger agent, as he finished speaking, gently patted "baby" on the head and requested his private secretary to give the lady a free pass over the line for her pet.

The Don.

Harry Lee, who forfeited Le Chevalier de la Motte through inability to pay the purchase-money given to A. M. Palmer, has found consolation in another direction. Just previous to Maurice Barrymore's sailing for England on Wednesday of last week, Mr. Lee succeeded in securing a new drama from him called *The Don*. Many managers, including Stevenson and Curtis and Shook and Collier, had been negotiating vigorously for this piece; but Lee made a better proposition than the others, and he therefore captured the prize. Barrymore is looked upon by people who ought to know something about the subject as one of the most promising dramatists of the present generation. Even the cynical Cazanovas took his hat to the young man and admits that he is likely to achieve great fame. The *expatriate* and *contretemps* of *Madame*, produced a few months ago by Modjeska, gave the color of truth to these flowery predictions. Mr. Lee is ecstatic in his praises of *The Don*. He enthused to a great extent over reading of the play yesterday.

"With whatever reputation I possess," said Lee, "it will be the sensation of the season. There are five parts of almost equal merit, and the situations are intensely dramatic. But this does not refer, as might

be supposed, to a 'Varsity Professor; it is derived from the custom among a certain set of low-lived Londoners of calling a man who is superior in intelligence and something of a swell, yet who connotes with them, a 'Don.' I shall produce the piece with a fine cast in San Francisco next October. You know that Frank Weston, Eddie Ellister and myself made a professional trip to the Pacific Slope, beginning the last of July. On our way we shall play La Helle-Rousse, saving *The Don* as the feature of the *Frivole* engagement. Probably we'll hang together and continue to appear in it during the whole of the season, but that we have not fully decided. Harry Sargent, who has an interest in all of Barrymore's works, will go along with us to *boom* *The Don*. Sargent has been under a cloud of misfortune for a few years back, but he is getting on his legs again and will soon be deeply concerned in a number of important theatrical ventures."

Call.

To deprive acting of its illusion is to strip it of all reasonable claims to be regarded as an art. If we are once carried away by the emotions of the scenes, if we are no more diverted by them than we might be diverted by a juggler with his cups, balls, knives, plates and basins, or by a company of performing poodles, or by one of those peculiarly dull and senseless affairs—of which we have now had for a time nearly the last—called "burlesques," what is there to distinguish the actor from the mountebank, or to delude the mountebank from an equal share of artistic honors with the actor? Let us, in kindness, as well as in caution, remember how slight and slippery a hold even the best acting has upon the dignity implied in that little word *Art*. Except in the fraternity itself, or among writers who take liberties with language, I can not remember that the word was ever applied with any weight of authority to the magic skill of a Talma, a Hensley, a Siddons, a Man, a Kemble, a Keen or an O'Neil. Art is creative; and though we sometimes hear that a part has been "created" by the performer, I must confess a strong impression that this is one of the liberties of language just referred to. To vividly bring into prominence a poor and dull "creation" is the work of a skillful actor; and in this he merits praise, where the author, who really created the part, or stole and spoilt it, but at least supplied its outline for the actor to fill in, merely deserves contempt. The "art of acting" is a phrase of late growth. Before its time much had been written concerning "Shakespeare's art," little that I have seen concerning Garrick's. Nor do I doubt that "Davy" himself would have raised those wonderful brows wonderingly to hear Reynolds, or Thornton, or Johnson, or Goldsmith call him an "artist."

But admitting, as I am willingly disposed to admit, the warrantable application of the word *Art* to the best and highest class of acting, let me yet venture to point out the extremely nice perils of the tenure. If we, the beholders, are ready with our poor imagination to piece-out and amend the imperfections of the show, we have a right to insist that those imperfections be of the unavoidable kind only; that they be not impertinent or obtrusive; that they offer no open affront to our understanding. If the illusion of the stage and the action be not maintained with the utmost good faith, it is there that art fails, and that the actor loses every scintilla of property in that bright word "artist." Now, by a foolish custom which has grown up between him and the audience—between vanity on one side the footlights and stupidity on the other—he does forfeit his title every night. I will not dwell on the degraded custom, among "comic" actors, of offering deliberate insults to illusion by punning on the names of the company, by chaffing the work of the scene-painter, and by other mountebank tricks having reference, not to any "necessary question of the play," but to the mechanical business of its representation—to technical details which should be most carefully kept out of sight, not dragged into the glare of a coarse, false ridicule. This is an "art," manifestly fished, at second or third hand, from the humor of the music-halls. It is so low, so dreary and idiotic that the "artists" must surely be paid enormous salaries for undertaking it. Enough of it here and now. But the illusion for which I contend, as the only conceivable ground on which to rest a plea or an apology for the artistic consideration of acting, is commonly sacrificed by actors who would not stoop to such pitiable shifts for raising a laugh as gagging about scenery and the details of stage-management. As Menevius Agrippa says, "I shall tell you a pretty tale." It will be no breach of confidence, and I will name no names; though even it I did there would be little if any harm, seeing that the story is very creditable to those involved in it, and shows them to be actors concerned in preserving that dramatic illusion in which, I repeat, the histrioic art solely and simply consists. Well, then, to my illustration. There is a certain piece, a medley of song, dance and eccentric comedy, with a strong infusion of melodrama, such as we get now and again from the Land of the West—a kind of a *ballet-vauville*, with a *Porte St. Martin* plot, chopped and mixed in. One of the scenes in this hybrid presentation has a song, which is capitally acted as well as sung, the performer playing a game of romps all the while with a little boy. Seldom has anything prettier of its kind been seen or heard on the stage. It may be that the words of the song are poor. It seemed to me, decidedly, that they were so. All the more credit to the singing actor for making his dramatic ditty so pleasantly effective. He finishes what I may call, operatically speaking, the *couplet*, by galloping off with the boy on his back. Warmly congratulating the performer on his career of popularity in this part, one of the soundest actors of our day noticed a little change which had been effected, not for the better, in the "business" of the song. Fortunately, when the singer made his exit with the child on his back, there was no departure in the youngster's demeanor from the natural action of a boy revelling in a bit of spontaneous fun. But of late the *illusion*, which was the whole gist of the thing, has been destroyed. Instead of riding off naturally on his two-legged steed, the child had been told to turn round and kiss his hand toward the audience. It was this shocking violation of art that the older and more experienced player pointed out to his

friend. Taking the hint in good part, this last said, "You are quite right. It spoils the truth of the situation." And then he added, in the tone of one who regrets and confesses a blunder, "I am to blame for telling the child to do that."

Yes, it was a blunder, no doubt; and I can only hope it has been by this time rectified. Whatevers tends to the retransformation of an actor, from the part he is playing, into himself, is a blunder. To unmask him is a blunder and an injury also. That he should be unwillingly unmasked, that he should with his own ready hand sweep away the illusion which invests him with heroic significance, is a proof that, however loudly he may vaunt himself an artist, he cares very little for art. He cares nothing for it when he is in haste to accept that poor compliment, now meaningless, a call in from the curtain. Of all the imbecile customs of modern playgoing, this custom is the most lamentably bereft of reason. To claim for the resuscitation of

"The gentle lady married to the Moor."

to call up the grim-visaged Othello whom we have just seen fall by his own death-dealing hand; to vex the ghosts of "Juliet and her Romeo," by summoning them to stand howling and smirking and picking up the most monstrous bouquets—what is all this vulgar, conventional folly but to "break that fine phantasmagoria of the brain," and to "dissolve the spirit of enchantment in the very palace of enchantment?" I remember these words of Macready as was to obey these calls; and how Phelps, after him, would let them die out, or, if they were persisted in with peremptory increase of noise, would wrap round him a voluminous cloak, step forward a foot or so, bow, and retire. No crossing the stage then. Now it is nothing less than a parody of the whole company that will suffice; and it is the trick to bring on the small people first, and so to provoke a *crocodile* of applause, culminating in the grand climacteric roar when the favorite that should first be called comes last. But the truth is, no one performer is called in these days. The honor, which to be an honor at all, should be exceptional, not a mere matter of course, was very unmistakably conferred in those times of which I speak. The recipient was always summoned by name. Well do I remember with what "a mouthful" each gallery spectator hawled the patronymic, not euphonius, of the Sadler's Wells's manager. The house resounded with "Phelps! Phelps! Phelps!" There could be no mistake at that time in the feeling and intention of the audience, except when honors were divided. I can remember, too, as a boy seeing Edwin Forrest at the *Princess*. It was said that a cabal had been formed to oppose him. I knew nothing about that; and as I honestly did not like his acting, I could not but think the audience generally were of my mind, without having been drilled, or bribed, or coerced into disapproval. The play was *Macbeth*; and Macdull was acted well, though not brilliantly, by Mr. Charles Fisher. I had seen better, as indeed I had seen worse—much worse. At the end I did not feel moved to call for any one; and for the first time it occurred to me as a painful fact that a bad spirit prevailed in the house when loud cries for Fisher arose, completely drowning the weak demonstration in favor of Forrest. I had seen nothing so bad in the *Thanh* of *Glanis* as to warrant snubbing, nor anything so meritorious in the *Thanh* of *Fife* as to demand glorification. The events of that night recur to my mind as a natural reminiscence of times when to call an actor forward was to call him by his audible, articulate name. A mere clapping of hands, however general and enthusiastic, seems to me a different thing; nor can I understand how any man or woman, without a breach of self-respect, should come habitually to regard general applause as a tribute to be particularly appropriated. Perhaps the tedious practice, to which I have adverted, of bringing the whole company forward, not only at the end of the play, but on the close of each act, is defensive on the score of its indiscriminate praise, and its even-handed distribution of regular and therefore valueless compliments.—*Godfrey Turner in London Theatre*.

A Legacy.

Now and then a professional drifts within the righteous precincts of *Ashbury Park*. Board is cheap there, and the place, despite its strictly temperance and semi-Methodistical character, is salubrious. The bathing regulations are severe, and they are rigidly enforced. All along the plaza or plank promenade bordering the beach are posted conspicuously a set of rules for bathers, prominent among which is the edict that "modesty of apparel is as necessary in the ocean as in the drawing-room." It seems strange that such a truly good community should be regularly visited each summer by a maiden who is prominently identified with the gay and giddy corps de ballet. Yet this is a Gospel fact. Any morning this month it may be confirmed by watching the breakers in front of the bathing pavilion at the foot of the street that passes the *Coleman House*. By and bye you will see a lithesome spinster, clad in blue bloomers and elongated drawers to match, skip gaily across the strip of beach, execute a graceful pirouette and then dive into the grateful depths of the rolling sea. Her identity is alike known to the youngest and oldest playgoers. From time out of mind she has danced in the second row of the ballet, and there is not a veteran who can remember when she looked any different from what she does now. She has danced through the various decades of spectacle, fairy-play and pantomime, and at divers times she has been under the management of the Ravelis, Lyne and Harrison, Jarrett and Palmer, George Fox and the Kitzbys. Next season she will appear in *The Seven Ravens*. She is the undying, perpetual legacy of spectacular productions, and no entrepreneur would consider his ensemble complete without this aged fairy. At *Ashbury Park* she lives and bathes incognito, and none of the impressionable young men of the Methodist persuasion annoy her with their pious attentions. She paddles around unnoticed and unnoted. Wishing to ascertain just why the old maiden, devotee of an art not held in the highest esteem by the camp-meeting element is permitted to enjoy the exclusively theological atmosphere of this particular resort, a reporter called upon Mr. Bradley, the pioneer settler and head man of *Ashbury Park*.

"Are you aware, Mr. Bradley," inquired the scribe, "that there is harbored in your

chaste community a person who, during the winter season, pursues the ungodly profession of ballet dancing?"

"Oh," replied Mr. Bradley, laying aside a copy of the *Methodist* over which he was reading, "I presume you refer to Miss Blank. Yes, I'm aware of the fact."

"But is not this considered antagonistic to the morals of your place?" persisted the reporter.

"Scarcely," replied Mr. Bradley, eyeing the intruder sharply. "Young man, we may object to actresses, but the ladies of the ballet are welcome with open arms. Certainly it is not our privilege to object to the presence among us of a class that may easily be mistaken for the inmates of an Old Ladies' Home. The venerable woman you speak of, now known to the public as Mademoiselle Blank, has a genuine claim upon the hospitality of *Ashbury Park*. Eminent theologists are of opinion that she is the original Salome who danced before King Herod, and the chain of evidence, obtained by diligent research, is nearly complete. This will be a valuable corroboration of Biblical testimony when finally established. I have questioned the lady, but although her memory seems perfectly clear, she will not speak of matters anterior to the Elizabethan Reformation. However, I expect to draw her out on Scriptural events some day. Meantime she is a welcome guest in this place." With which assurance Mr. Bradley returned to his *Methodist*, and the reporter took the first train for New York.—*New York Star*.

"Me Too."

A current announcement makes it appear that Bishop Cox has become a coadjutor with Brooklyn Talmage in the assault upon the theatres, pronouncing them, as he is reported, shameless and obscene.

Knowing Bishop Cox, we must have a doubt in regard to this sweeping allegation.

He was a student at the New York University,

and a finer specimen of the ruddy, healthful and buxom young American could not be found.

He was frank, manly and liberal in his sentiments. His first appearance before the public was with a series of poems entitled "Christian Ballads" (still in vogue at Appleton's book house), published in the *Churchman*, the organ of the Episcopal Church, now conducted by the Messrs. Mallory, of the Madison Square Theatre.

Cleveland Cox is the son of the Rev.

Samuel Hanson Cox, a Congregational minister, famous in his day for his eccentric vocabulary in the pulpit; as an example of

which we may cite his opening of a discourse

which we heard with the words, "We will now

plant ourselves in the centre of the solar system

and take a heliocentric view of the universe."

It may be here noticed that the Bishop, in abandoning the church of his father, adopted a usage of the stage by harmonizing his name with a final e, which brought him *ex nomine* by the side of distinguished Anglican churchmen. It illustrates character when we mention that the Rev. Hanson published a huge octavo in Exposure of Quakerism, in which he was reared, and dedicated the same to twenty-four clergymen (four and twenty blackbirds all in a row) of different denominations.

We dwell somewhat upon the surroundings of the Bishop of Western New York, because the Church with which he communies has always held friendly relations with the stage. Dr.

Samuel Johnson, the great moralist of the last century, and still of high authority, a devout churchman, was a constant attendant at the theatres, a familiar companion of Garrick, the author of a tragedy and the prompter of Goldsmith in the production of his comedies, *Six Stoops to Conquer* and *The Good-Natured Man*. It was in reference to the successful production of one of these that Dr. Johnson corresponded with the venerable American Bishop White of Pennsylvania.

In the generation of theatre-goers just past the principal support in character, means and influence of the old Park Theatre were Episcopalian. The chief owner of the ground and building was an Episcopalian, one of the Astors; its manager, Edmund Simpson, was of the same communion, and its audience largely represented that denomination. In every audience could be seen such lights of society and devotion as Ogden Hoffman, the Duers, Giulia Verplanck, Washington Irving and many newholders and officers of Trinity Church.

On the occasion of a benefit to Mrs. Anna Cora Mowatt, when her own play, *Fashion*, was represented at the old theatre, might have been seen an audience such as it would be hard to gather in these days, representing the purity, the fashion, the scholarship and elegance of the town in their highest aspects. Mrs. Mowatt, the beneficiary, was a daughter of Mr. Ogden, an old New York merchant.

Those were happy days of the drama, the days of true fraternity, of cultured audiences, scholarly performers and the plays of men of genius. It was out of this school and from such an origin sprung the Rev. Cleveland Cox, himself a scholar and writer of the first rank; and therefore we hold the avowment that he is hostile to the stage and the true drama impossible to be entertained. C. M.

Buying Back *Separation*.

Bartley Campbell returned last week from New Brunswick, where he had been on a fishing excursion with Joseph Jefferson and Thomas R. McDonough.

"Our trip was a delightful one," said Mr. Campbell to a *Mirrored* representative. "Most of the time we encamped on an island, regularly roughing it. A couple of weeks ago we were snowed upon all night, but we were equipped with heavy clothes and an abundance of those warming liquifications necessary to fight off cold. The fishing was immense—you know—every day we made a big haul—see? Landlocked salmon, bass and trout, and all that sort of thing, you know." It was reported before Mr. Campbell's jaunt began that he was going abroad for the summer; indeed, some of the papers went so far as to describe his departure aboard the *Oregon*. He did think of making a European trip, but this plan has been abandoned. He intends to remain in town a week and then go to Greenwood Lake for some more fishing.

It is seldom that an author, after having sold one of his plays, buys it back again; but this is what has happened to *Separation*, which Shock and Collier bought from Campbell and produced last spring at the Union Square. Some dissatisfaction arose and Campbell paid a good price to get the piece back into his own hands. He will send it on the road next season for a tour of forty weeks. A strong company has been engaged. Nelson Wheare will play *Benton Blair*, Eddie Wilton Davis and John Dillon *Alton Day*. The original Union Square scenery, music, etc., will be used. *Separation* during its New York run averaged a business of \$1,200 a week. Mr. Campbell believes there is much money to be made with the road. His idea is that an

THE NEW YORK MIRROR.

TELEGRAPHIC NEWS.

At the Hub.

[BY TELEGRAPH TO THE MIRROR.]

BOSTON, June 18.—The Boston Theatre was thoroly packed last night, the entertainment of Bartholomew's Equine Parade being given under the management of the Boston Society for the Prevention of Cruelty to Animals. The tickets were presented to the different people by President Angelo of the Society, to bakers and others having the care of horses and other dumb animals. During the evening President Angel, in behalf of the Society, presented Mr. Bartholomew with a gold decoration, suitably inscribed, accompanying the gift with a speech.

Blatford, from the New York Bijou, began an engagement at the Boston Bijou last night to a packed house.

The Spangled Bell Ringers and Walter Polham began a week's engagement at the Boston Museum to a fair house last night. Moth began his second and last week at the Park to a good house. Fan on the Bristol opened the season at Oakland Garden. A large audience greeted the Davenes at the Park Square Garden.

The tents were filled at Barnum's first appearance yesterday afternoon and evening. Business promises well.

The benefit of Frank H. Childs, head usher at the Park Theatre, next Monday, bids fair to be a great success. The tuneful Chimes of Normandy, given by the Hayes Opera company, added to his own popularity, will fill the house.

The Smoky City.

[BY TELEGRAPH TO THE MIRROR.]

PITTSBURG, June 18.—The Opera House, Library Hall and the Academy are closed. The two former will likely remain so until the opening of the next season. The J. C. Kohler Dramatic company will occupy Library Hall for one week, opening 23d. The two Museums are the only places of amusement open. At Harris' an excellent bill is offered. Manager Starr has discovered an electro-magnetic girl in this city, whom he says will rival the celebrated Georgia Magnetic Girl.

Lillian Spencer has filed her papers in her divorce suit against Edward Clayburgh. Her principal charge is cruelty and ill-treatment. Clayburgh has written an answer to her charges, which he forwarded to the local papers for publication. Some of them refused to publish the letter. Miss Spencer is at her mother's Summer residence at Emsworth Station, a suburb of this city. She is looking exceeding well; bright and rosy, and seems to be very happy. She expects to go with Frank Mayo the coming season.

Miscellaneous.

[BY TELEGRAPH TO THE MIRROR.]

CHICAGO, June 18.—Miss Rebel Thorn's play, Victor, was produced at Shelby's Academy on Monday night by the Morrison's company. It was not very successful. The season of the Neudendorff Opera company is A Trip to Africa came to an abrupt close on Saturday night.

LITTLE ROCK, Ark., June 17.—Sheldon Bates' man's advice to managers, in your issue of June 14, does Little Rock injustice. The only houses booking are the Grand and the New Capitol Theatre. Both have ample stage accommodations. JOHN M. DUNGAN, Mirror Correspondent

Ravages of the Starring Fever.

The dramatic editor of the St. Louis Spectator, an able weekly journal, makes the following sensible remarks on the evils of the star epidemic:

"I am glad to learn that there will be a reduction of salaries of stars in the theatrical profession next season, if this indicates that there will be a leveling up, as well as down. The inequality of stage salaries has had no little to do with strengthening the hold of the star system as, owing to the low salaries many promising members of the profession are accustomed to receive, a merely good stock actor or actress is enabled to gather a support and inflict the public sorely. No other reform in the stage is so much needed as a return to the solid stock companies of another day, and to do this thoroughly a fair readjustment of the meagre salaries of some, and a change from the absorption of the returns by 'stars,' is the first and the essential step. The public is patient and of long suffering in many things that come and go, but it is notable that the end cometh at last. Many stars that shot through the horizon as an epidemic a few years ago have so far subsided, and the system retracted to such a point, as to have effected their permanent retirement to a proper level, and to make way for a hope that this is the rumbling of the deferred reform. A glance back at the history of the London stage, or a review of the Paris stage of today, of the present state of the play in Germany, will show that its high development is due to thoroughness of detail. It is well known that the same intelligence, in quality though not in extent, is demanded upon the French stage for the valet who hands Madame the card of a caller as in the more exalted role of Madame's caller himself. Wallack's and Madison Square have made this the basis of their prosperity, a prosperity that has been added to their credit in a artistic as well as pecuniary sense. And to the good taste of Wallack and the pertinacious steadfast-

ness of purpose of Wallack is largely due whatever reform may be found to have been set in this respect. There is no room for doubt that the high and broad position which Henry Irving now occupies is due as much to his breadth of view of the needs of a play in its entirety, or further still, the demands of his profession in its entirety, enabling him to present a completed picture rather than one brilliant spot of the canvas, as to ability as an actor pure and simple. This course has given Irving a position in England which, with greater individual ability, Edwin Booth has never enjoyed in America. And in this connection THE NEW YORK MIRROR, in an editorial noting a complaint from managers that there is great difficulty just now in engaging competent leading men, desire the reason for this is found in the fact that leading actors as soon as they acquire a little celebrity or have made emphatic successes in particular parts, experience a growth of ambition and enter the stellar field. The writer makes the astonishing and rather mortifying assertion that there are not a dozen leading men of the best stage today in the American profession, but that several dozen of leading men are unsuccessfully masquerading as stars."

Our contemporary eris in speaking of "the salaries of stars." Stars aren't paid salaries as a rule. But with the exception of this inaccuracy, its conclusions and observations are correct.

Professional Doings



—Henry Irving, whose familiar phiz is represented above, has met with a flattering reception on his return to the London Lyceum.

—Walter E. Sinn left for Europe on Saturday.

—Charles Dungan goes to Boston next week.

—Hobby Newcomb, the minstrel, has bobbed up in San Francisco.

—Francis Wilson will be Sydney Rosenfeld's partner next season.

—Louis Sylvester will star next season in Freaks and The Little Ferret.

—A. C. Varian has been engaged by Brooks and Dickson for next season.

—There will be only three theatres open in New York on Monday next.

—Mr. F. Ramsden, "Pencil," is spending his vacation at Woodshursh, L. I.

—A. J. Maerz, of the Buffalo Courier Lithographing concern, is in town at the Morton House.

—H. C. Kimball was yesterday re-engaged by W. A. Mestayer. James Lachman is also engaged.

—Jacob Shattuck, treasurer of the Bijou Opera House, has gone to San Francisco for the summer.

—Elizabeth Andrews has been engaged by A. C. Gunter to play an eccentric comedy part in D. A. M.

—Pauline Markham appeared in Led Astray at Norwich, N. Y., on Monday night, and met with a flattering reception.

—There is a rumor that Rice's Surprise Party has gone to pieces in San Francisco owing to Kate Castleton's perversity.

—Jennie Price is playing Diana in Orpheus and Eurydice in place of Laura Joyce-Hill, who has taken Augusta Somerville's part of Juve.

—H. B. Lonsdale is busy arranging his programme for next season. He will take a company out with Harry Saint Maur at the head.

—Frank Cramer has just recovered from a serious illness and is again at work at the Madison Square, where he has re-engaged for next season.

—The Madison Square has rebuilt the offices at the rear of the theatre, where the clerical force is busy arranging the bookings and dates for next season.

—General Barton has three lawsuits on hand, which will probably be decided in his favor. They are all in connection with the Bijou Opera House building.

—Lily Post starts for San Francisco on Sunday, to be gone about four weeks. She will in all probability remain with McCaull's company next season.

—J. L. Bissell has taken an office at 565 Broadway, where he is attending to the interests of Josephine Reiley. He is doing some good preparatory work.

—Next season the part of Simple Simon, in Madam Piper, will be played by a comedian instead of a soubrette. Willie Edmon said he preferred the part to any in the opera.

—G. Morton Brennan has signed with T. Howard to play leading business with his company in Boston; or, Helen's Sacrifice. They open on August 4 in Jersey City.

—The Wild West Show will be continued at the Polo Grounds until Saturday week.

—Work on the Lyceum Theatre is progressing. It will be finished and ready to open after the election.

—George W. June is the recipient of many flattering offers from managers for the coming season. It's probable, however, that he will remain with Guy Williams.

—The Georgia Magnetic Girl is creating somewhat of a sensation in the North. A rival has already appeared, and some magnetic girls will be as plenty as white elephants.

—Amy Gordon desires to state that her reason for not accepting the offers of engagements in Baltimore, Chicago and other places washer need of rest prior to going to Europe.

—Since Colonel Morris has taken charge of the International Opera company, in Brooklyn, business has been improving. It is expected that the full season of seven weeks will be played.

—Blanche Seymour, who, besides being of the legitimate drama, sings in five languages, has returned to her home in the city. She will accept an engagement in either opera or burlesque.

—On July 21 the new comedy Distrust will be presented at the Fourteenth Street Theatre. In the cast will appear Edward Warren, Fred. Wren, Eddie Wilton, Fred. Ross, Francis Bates and others.

—James Hamilton, treasurer of the late San Francisco Opera House for over ten years, has resigned. He was known to all the old and modern school of minstrels, and was held in high esteem.

—The Temptation Opera company, in which Fay Templeton and Harry Brown will star jointly this season, is rehearsing in Milwaukee. They will go at once to Denver and thence to San Francisco.

—W. T. Carleton and Belle Cole will be the soloists of the Casino Concert on Sunday evening. Rudolph Aronson's orchestra will play, for the first time, his new polka, "The Pretty Maiden."

—Woolson Morse is engaged upon a new opera. The lawsuit as to the ownership of Cinderella at School will be settled in a day or two. Madam Piper will be produced at the Fifth Avenue in the Fall.

—Edward E. Kidder will not return to the management of the People's Theatre next season. Harry Miner has appointed W. S. Moore in his place. Mr. Moore has been in Miner's employ many years.

—Charles Bent, of Dallas, Texas, has booked during the week the following companies in addition to those already mentioned in THE MIRROR: Patti Rosa, Peck's Bad Boy, Jane Coombs, Alice Oates, Bandit King, Emma Abbott and Lizzie Evans.

—John Hazelrigg, David Hanchett, Cyril Scott, Frank Campbell, Frank D'Alroy, Grace Logan and Annie V. Culbertson have been engaged for Bertha Welby's company. Grace Logan is a niece of General John A. Logan.

—The Frohmanns claim that Orpheus and Eurydice is doing a tremendous business. The claim is verified by our correspondence columns. They also claim that The Rajah is doing unusually well. This is not endorsed by our out-of-town staff. The Wallack season in Boston was not flattering in results.

—The terms upon which Mestayer secured Horticultral Hall were surprisingly liberal. For the first year he pays a rent of \$7,000; for the next five years, \$5,000, and for the succeeding four years, \$10,000, after which the property reverts to him. In other words, he pays on the "easy payments" scheme.

—Jacob Tannenbaum, the well-known Southern manager, has established his headquarters at 117 East Twelfth street. Mr. Tannenbaum is booking for ten Southern cities. He now controls the Mobile Theatre, and during the summer will make improvements therein.

—Philip Lehnen, of Syracuse, is absorbing a good deal of theatre property in interior New York. He now controls all the legitimate houses in Rochester and the City of Salt. Manager Matson, of the Grand Opera House, Syracuse, will be given a benefit on his retirement, July 4.

—Gale and Spader's Bohemians, under Harry C. Smart's management, comprise Carrie Godfrey, Kate Foley, Blanche Moulton, Donald Harrell, Arthur Moulton and Frank M. Wills. Fizz! Bang! Boom! A. Z. Chapman's play, is the attraction. W. A. Thompson goes in advance.

—In the morning papers of yesterday, an accident was reported as having taken place at No. 32 West Fifteenth street. It was related that a son of David Belasco, aged seven, had fallen from a second-story window and been instantly killed. A Mexican reporter saw David Belasco at the Madison Square yesterday afternoon. He said that he was thankful none of his family had been injured. It was another Belasco.

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On Tuesday he paid off his company at Wallack's. He is out a large amount on the season. The company are pleased with his treatment of them, and none would refuse a re-engagement.

Openings.

The following are a few of next season's openings:

Ada Gilman, in A Mountain Girl, at Philadelphia, August 25.

Lizzie May Ulmer, at the Boston Bijou, August 25.

Gale and Spader's Bohemians, in Chicago, July 7.

In the Ranks, H. company, at San Francisco, August 15th.

Romany Rye, H. company, Montreal, Sept. 18.

Roland Reed, at the People's Theatre, New York Sept. 8.

Dixey and Rice's Burlesque company, at Chicago, July 6.

Bertha Welby, at Reading, Pa., Sept. 8.

Gunter's D. A. M., at the Boston Bijou, Sept. 8.

William Stafford, at Halifax, N. S., Sept. 15.

Madam Piper, at Boston Museum, Sept. 1.

Kiralty's Sieba, at the Star Theatre, New York, Sept. 8.

Janacek, at Fourteenth Street Theatre, New York, Sept. 15.

Personal.

HARRISON.—Louis Harrison and his wife have sailed for Europe.

HARRIGAN.—Edward Harrigan and family have gone to Schroon Lake.

SHERIDAN.—W. E. Sheridan's present engagement on the Pacific Coast has been a profitable one, strongly contrasting with his former trip.

MURTHA.—The mother of Frank Murtha died on Saturday last. His aged father is not expected to survive an accident that happened to him the day before.

HUNDLEY.—Oscar R. Hundley, manager of the Huntsville (Ala.) Opera House, has been in the city booking attractions. Huntsville is among the best towns in the South for attractions. Mr. Hundley has adopted the wise plan of limiting the number to two a week.

MESTAYER.—W. A. Mestayer took a benefit on Tuesday evening at Wallack's. The audience was fair in numbers, and the volunteers numerous. The comedian appeared in an act each of Wanted—A Partner, The Tourists and Madam Piper. When he came on as T. Henry Slum he received an ovation.

RHEA.—The thousandth performance in the magnificent Denver (Colo.) Opera House took place on the 9th. Rhea appeared in The School for Scandal. With the aid of the electric light a photograph of the immense audience was taken. Copies were encased in satin covers and presented to the ladies as souvenirs.

ROSENFIELD.—Sydney Rosenfeld arrived in town yesterday. He has engaged Dan Maguinnis to play the detective in Well-Fed Dora, which opens on Monday at Providence. The young man is writing a two-act satirical comedy, to be called Gilbert and Sullivan. Madam Piper and Sydney Howard will play in it.

MAYER.—Frank, Fred and Mollie Maeder and Nellie Vaughn, while driving on Sunday at Long Branch, were pitched from their carriage. All were bruised more or less. Fred Maeder's collar-bone was dislocated and his arm was fractured. The physicians say he is likely to be confined to his room for several weeks.

OWENS.—Roland Reed has paid a visit to John E. Owens at his farm, near Townsontown, Md. As to health, he found Mr. Owens on the mend. The actor and his wife were in the meadows planting water-cresses when Mr. Reed arrived. The comedian announced his intention to resume professional work next season. The old gentleman owns one of the finest farms in Maryland, and lives the life of a Southern gentleman.

CAREY.—The report that Edna Carey is lying seriously ill is groundless. She was under the weather for a short time, but is all right now. Miss Carey will alternate between the mountains and seashore during the summer. On Tuesday she went to the Catskills to remain four weeks. The lady has not definitely arranged for next season, although it is probable that she will accept one of the several offers that have been made her.

Letters to the Editor.

A SISTERLY DIFFERENCE OF OPINION.

—NEW YORK, June 15, 1884.

Editor New York Mirror:

DEAR SIR.—I send you my sister's statement in this week's

Manager Colville's Good Spirits.
On entering Samuel Colville's office yesterday, a Mission reporter found the robust manager in high spirits. "It is among my kind," said Mr. Colville, "to hear managers boasting about the artists and places they have secured in Europe. They make their annual trips, and much mention is made of their movements. Now, I did not go to Europe this summer; still, I have secured an attraction that will be a surprise."

"And what is this prize?" asked the reporter.
"I have received a letter from Alexander Henderson, in which he says that he would come to America, if I deemed it advisable, and bring his company, including Florence St. John, Violet Cameron, and other London favorites. In this company are twenty of the handsomest women on the English boards. I called back that he should come by all means. He will arrive with his company about the end of August. H. B. Farnie, the librettist, will accompany him."

"But Colonel McCaul has announced that he has secured Miss St. John?"

"My answer is Mr. Henderson's letter. Here it is," said the manager, holding it aloft.

"Will Lydia Thompson accompany him?"

"No. If she did come to America it would be under my management. I received a letter from her the other day. In it she says that I should have had her play, *Nita's First*, if she had known I wanted it."

Mr. Colville has disposed of his interest in *The Pavements of Paris* to John Rickaby, who will put it on the road early in the season.

On Tuesday night at the Casino, while Alfred Klein, J. H. Ryley and Bertha Ricci were on the stage, a cat and two kittens appeared. The artists were equal to the occasion. Klein fell off his chair. Miss Ricci got off the old pun on catastrophe, while Ryley convulsed the house by an allusion to Catenhausen, the conductor.

Brooks and Dickson's Bluff is more of a musical comedy than a burlesque. The last act is being re-written, and the company is in course of formation.

BRAYLEY'S

DRAMATIC AND OPERATIC DIRECTORY

OF THE

UNITED STATES.

Containing a complete list of all the actors and actresses with their address and business. Also combinations, managers, etc., together with the size of stage, seating capacity, population of place, where located, mineral connections, proprietors, managers, stage directors, musical directors, scenic artists, master mechanics, property masters, gas engineers, etc. Also the terms of hotel, advertising rates of newspapers, bill posters, etc.

This valuable book will be issued about the 15th of August, 1884. Price \$1, postpaid.

A few first-class advertisements will be inserted at the following rates: One leaf, \$1; one page, \$2; half-page, \$1; quarter-page, \$1. Professional cards, one-eighth page, \$1. Address,

A. W. BRAYLEY & CO.,
125 Tremont street, Boston, Mass.

TONY PASTOR'S Own Company.

TONY PASTOR And his Selected Star Troupe

Will close Summer season at
OAKLAND GARDEN, BOSTON,
Week of June 25.

Vacation of five weeks in New York. Fall tour will
commence August 11.

H. S. SANDERSON, Manager.

1884 SEASON 1885

THE HANLONS.

Le Voyage En Suisse

JOHN G. MAGLE.

Miss Blanche Seymour.

Soprano and Soubrette.

AT LIBERTY
For Opera, Drama or Burlesque. Sings in Italian, German, Spanish, French and English. Excellent press
success. Address,

21 West 45th street, New York City.

FOR SALE.

Part interest in a drama of unguessed merit. From the French, the "Rip Van Winkle" of France. Having secured a greater number of performances than any play produced in the American production. A story of rare interest. Politics, Comedy, Sensation. Also introducing numerous special mechanical effects. Address GEO. SWINNERTON, 125 West 30th street, New York.

FREYHAN HALL, Bayou Sora,
LOUISIANA, is now ready, with a fine stage and company. Apply for arrangements at
FREYHAN & CO., Bayou Sora, La.

BOSTON COMEDY CO.

H. PRICE WEBER, Manager. Ninth season, Oct. 1, 1884. Permanent address, Augusta, Ga., or Washington street, Boston, Mass.

Edward Warren.

A HIT.
CLARENCE VAN ARNUM

DISTRUST.

THEATRE NOTICES

Editor's Choice. Edward Warren gave a highly creditable performance.

Editor's Choice. Edward Warren acts so specially recommended for his amazing performance of Clarence, that it is a pity the character assumed by Edward Warren was not more fully taken.

Editor's Choice. Mr. Webb shared the favor with Edward Warren, who, as the "top," is really great in his potentialities as a young and gifted, social actor.

Editor's Choice. Mr. Edward Warren, as Clarence Van Arnum, is particularly trying particular to the burlesque pattern, was excellent.

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